¢ a copy ollier's

THE NATIONAL W

for June 27, 1914

Our Adventurers at Tampico

By Jack London

The Passing of the Prairie

By Hamlin Garland

Bealby

By H. G. Wells





Drink to Their

Health and Happiness

in Armour's Grape Juice—the unfermented, undiluted, unsweetened juice of ripe Concord grapes—pressed right after picking in the best Concord grape country.

The healthful, delicious, correct beverage to serve at June weddings and parties of all kinds.

In Splits, Pints and Quarts

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you a dozen trial pints for \$3.00, or a dozen quarts for \$5.50.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Dept. A20

CHICAGO

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow





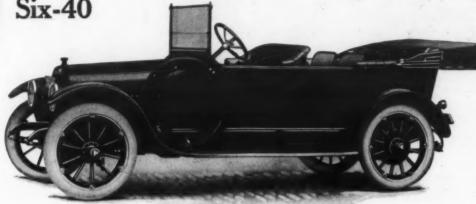




Armour's Grape Jaice Factory at Multawan, Mich.

\$1.550





The Thoroughbred

The latest refinement in Sixes—one of the handsomest cars in the world—setting many new standards in high-grade cars, and another new record in quality price—the 1915 model of the car whose popularity compelled us in eight months to treble our output.

31 New Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out last year to win a new field to Sixes. Our famous engineering corps—headed by Howard E. Coffin—had devoted three years to the model. It typed, in their opinion, the ultimate in Sixes, as denoted by modern trends.

In lightness, it set a new standard for cars of this capacity. It cut down old-time averages about 1,000 pounds. All this was saved, with no sacrifice of staunchness, by costlier materials and better engineering.

In economy, it lowered operative cost from 15 to 30 per cent under former like-powered cars. This by lightness, by employing six cylinders and by a new-type motor.

In beauty, design and equipment it excelled, in some respects, any other car of the year.

In price—then \$1,750—it set a new record among quality cars which no other maker met.

We knew that men wanted this type of car. They wanted lightness, modest size, economy. They rebelled against over-tax. Yet they wanted quality and they wanted beauty. And they wanted, above all, a Six.

But we did not dream how many men waited such a car. They flocked by the thousands to HUDSON dealers, and placed 3,000 orders more than we could fill. At the end of the season men were offering premiums—as high as \$200—to obtain this light Six-40.

Now our 48 engineers have devoted another whole year to this car. They have brought the weight down to 2,900 pounds. They have added comfort, convenience, silence and beauty in 31 important ways.

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we offer you the best consensus of present-day ideals. Many men must buy cheaper cars. Some will always want the big and the costly. But most men will concede this new HUDSON Six-40 to be America's representative car.

Price \$200 Less

The HUDSON Six-40 demand has compelled us to treble our output for next year. Building three times as many, our cost per car will be lessened by \$200. So the price for 1915 has been fixed at \$1,550.

That accords with HUDSON policy. It is the latest of the thousand things we have done to bring the best within reach of the many.

Think of this ideal car—the very embodiment of all that's desirable—a HUDSON and a Six—selling for \$1,550. Only a little while back there was no Six sold for twice that.

The new HUDSON Six-40 is a thoroughbred Six. Its very lightness denotes the highest grade of materials and a masterpiece in designing. It is distinguished in lines and beauty. Its finish, its beauty and equipment all show our infinite pains. It seats up to seven, with the disappearing tonneau seats.

A year of use in thousands of hands has proved the faultless construction. And now this new model shows all the refinements which 48 men in four years have worked out.

Go to your Hudson dealer and see it. It is the finest example you will find this year of the progress made in motor car building.

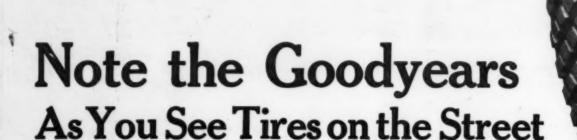
> Six-40 Phaeton, \$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit Six-40 Standard Roadster, same price

The HUDSON Six-54, built on the same lines, but with larger motor and 135-inch wheelbase, sells for \$2,350. It offers to men who want size and impressiveness the best that is possible, and at a modest price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have these new cars on show. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. 8035 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.





You can see for yourself how fast men are coming to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

And this comes, remember, after 15 years of tests. After men have used over three million Goodyears, and marked their mileage records.

Now more men buy Goodyears than buy any other tire. More buy this year than last year—by 55 per cent. We have just built in one month, to supply this demand, more than 216,000 motor tires.

Why This Rising Tide?

The only reason is that Goodyears show lowest cost per mile. That's what all tire buyers seek. And, in these days of odometers, they know when they get it.

No illusion—no chimerical advantage—can long mislead in this field of reality. Tire upkeep is a visible, provable fact.

Goodyears lead because they deserve to. We pay the price to give you here the best men know in tires. On research alone we spend \$100,000 yearly—just to test new formulas, methods and ideas. Just to make sure that Goodyears always shall mark the limit in good tires.

Cost of Leadership

On one extra process—our "On-Air" cure—we spend \$450,000 per year. It is done to save blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. And no other maker does that.

We create in each tire, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets. This is done to combat loose treads. It reduces this danger by 60 per cent, and no other tire employs it.

We make rim-cutting com-

control. It requires in each tire base six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires.

And we alone use the double-thick All-West trend. This touch and wing trend in an arrest bands of the control of the c

pletely impossible, by a

faultless method which we

And we alone use the double-thick All-Weather tread. This tough, enduring tread is as smooth as a plain tread, yet it grasps wet roads in every direction with countless deep, sharp-edged grips.

Note that these four features—the four greatest in tire making—are found only in No-Rim-Cut tires. They combat, in exclusive ways, your four major tire troubles.

Yet They Cost You Less

With all these advantages, No-Rim-Cut tires now sell under 16 other makes. Numerous makers ask for three tires what Goodyear asks for four.

Not because the tires are better. That is unthinkable. For we have new factories, modernly equipped. We have efficient methods. We have an output far exceeding any other plant. These things immensely cut cost of production. And we sell at a profit which last year averaged only 6½ per cent.

These facts—and these alone—account for Goodyear prices. They belong among our countless efforts to lower cost per mile. No-Rim-Cut tires—though still rulers of Tiredom—cost half what they used to cost.

Remember Goodyear prestige. Remember this verdict of users. Remember our four exclusive features when you are asked extra prices for tires. You don't need to pay that extra. Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires. Our dealers are everywhere.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

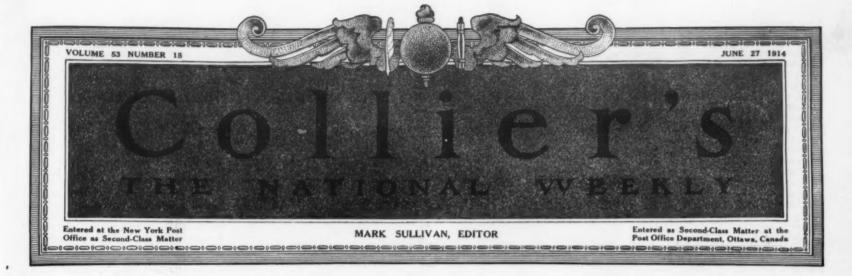
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

London, England

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mexico City, Mexico

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber



ur Adventurers

Tampico

By Jack London

NE must go and see in order to know My advance impression of Tampico, for one, was of a typical Mexican port in-fested with smallpox, yellow fever, and a few American adventurers of pernicious activities and doubtful antecedents. There were also oil wells, I understood, in and about Tampico, operated by the aforesaid adventurers. And that was about all I knew of the place until I went

Aboard my steamer were oilmen returning after being driven out to our warships by the Mexicans the day our forces landed in Veru Cruz, and after being shanghaled by our State Department to the United States. A big steel barge, swept by every breaker, was pounding to destruction on the end of the breakwater that

destruction on the end of the breakwater that projected into the Gulf.

"That's our barge," one of the oilmen told me.

"When the Federals fired our wharf, her mooring lines burned away and she drifted down the

He looked at me grimly when I remarked that they had got off lightly.

"Wait and see," was all he said.

A Massed Front of Industry

O NCE in the mouth of the Pánuco River, the landscape on either side sprouted into the enormous, mushroom growths of the tank farms. I was quite impressed, not having dreamed that our adventurers had done so much work. It was a creditable showing, a very creditable showing. But as we continued up the river, more and more terminals and tank farms lined both banks of it. This was the Corona terminal, and that was the Aguila on both sides. and adjoining were the huge solid buildings of Standard Oil. And still the names of companies were rolled off to me. There was the National Petroleum, there the Waters-Pierce, the Gulf Coast, the Huasteca, the Mexican Fuel, the Magnolia Petroleum, the Texas, the International Oil, the East Coast Oil—and thereat I ceased taking account of the companies and realized that there was quite something more to Tampico than I had anticipated. "Ah," I remarked, "there's the city at last,"

indicating great masses of buildings on the north bank. But I was informed that the city was yet miles away, and that what I had mistaken for it was the boiler stacks, still stacks, warehouses, paraffin plants, and agitators of the refineries.

Ocean Tankers in Long Procession

HE ruined walls of a huge building were pointed out. "Six hundred thousand dollars went up there," I was told. "Two hundred and fifty box cars went up with it. The shells from the Federal gunboats did it."

We hoisted the doctor's flag and dropped anchor off a quarter of a mile of burned wharf.
"You see," it was explained, "the rebels were

working two machine guns here and a bunch of sharpshooters, and the Federals from the Zaragoza let us have it good and plenty. That was all brand-new wharf. In fact, we hadn't quite finished it. Three of our barges were sunk by

the shells. Right there at the bottom lies the *Topila* and the *Spindletop*, and, just beyond, the *Santa Fe*. See what the fire left of that tank on top of the hill. It gave beyond, the *Santa Fe*. beyond, the $Santa\ Fc$. See what the fire left of that tank on top of the hill. It gave us a hot time. While it was burning we fought to keep it inside the fire wall, and all the time the Zaragoza was shelling us. Don't talk to me about the peon. I was right there with a gang of them. They were working for day's wages, but no trained soldiers could have behaved better. As soon as we'd jump up to fight



A Lake of Oil-"A wad of cotton waste, saturated with kerosene and ignited and tossed into the oil, could have started a \$2,000,000,000 bonfire.

General Zaragoza could so have started it. So could any drunken peon "

the fire the Zaragoza'd loosen up on us. Inside ten minutes we'd have to lie down until the shells and machine guns slackened, and then we'd up and go at it again. And not a peon showed the white feather, and we held that burning oil where it was until it burned out. Some peons, hombre, some peons.

And while we waited for the port doctor, big ocean tanker after big ocean tanker in long procession came in from sea, flew the doctor's flag and dropped anchor.

"They come in, load, and go out all in the same day," I was told. "The *Huasteca* can load 9,000 barrels an hour. Why, there are tankers that have been coming in here for a year whose crews have never set foot on land."

Statistics of Pernicious Activities

BEGAN to gather statistics of the pernicious activities of our American adventurers. One company alone had two roofed concrete tanks holding 1,250,000 barrels along with 120 steel tanks holding 55,000 barrels each. Since a steel tanks nothing 55,000 barrels each. Since a steel tank costs 30,000 pesos, the cost of 120 steel tanks will total 3,600,000 pesos. At the rate of ex-change prior to Mexico's present troubles, this investment in mere steel-tank equipment means 1,800,000 American gold dollars. When it is considered that this is but part of the one item of oil-storage equipment of one company, and that there are many other equally expensive items of equipment, the grand total of the equipment of the many companies is vaguely adumbrated.

The port doctor finally boarded and passed us and we continued up the river to Tampico. The Pánuco is a noble stream, deep of channel, swift of current, and wide; and as we rounded a grand bend between the interminable tank farms a whole fleet of anchored merchant steamers appeared, as well as warships, flying the flags of various nations. The Des Moines flew the only

Passing the customhouse and emerging through the Fiscal Dock, a long line of mounted Consti-tutionalists made me for a while forget oil and oil tanks. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself in the company of 500 of the Constitutionalists, dispatched to aid in the pursuit of General Zaragoza and his 4,000 Federals.

The Harum-Scarum Warriors

NEVER on the warpath have I encountered a bunch of warriors so harum-scarum, so happy-go-lucky, so brimming over with good food and high spirits. Everyone was mounted. Every horse was stolen. On the horses were the brands of every ranch and haclenda from the Rio Grande to the Pánuco. Occasionally there was a grizzled oldster. But the big percentage was youthful. There were boys of ten, eleven, and twelve, magnificently and monstrously spurred, astride lifted broncos, with pletures of saints in their sombreros and looted daggers and bowle knives in their leggings, with automatics and revolvers at their hips, bewaisted and beshouldered with belts and bandoliers of cartridges, and with the inevita-ble rifle across their saddle pommels. And there

were women, young women all, mere soldaderas as well as amazons, the former skirted and on sidesaddles, the latter trousered and cross saddled, and all of them wickedly armed like their male comrades, and none of them married. When a soldadera comes along I should not like to be a stray chicken on the line of march nor a wounded enemy on the field of battle.

Crossing the Pánuco to the south bank on a barge, I tried to take the picture of

a coy and skirted soldadera. But all was vain until I won the good services of the Lieutenant Colonel by snapping him and his fellow officers. They were so delighted that all that they possessed was mine, and the soldadera was commanded to face the camera. The proud Colonel even interrupted proceedings in order to decorate the soldadera with his own cartridge belt, knife, and revolver. She was young, strong, uncorseted, cotton-frocked, all Indian, and she had ridden, as I learned, for two years with the revolutionists. She came from far in the North, and her near goal was Mexico City.

Ashore on the south bank, endeavoring to catch two or three of the rebels with my camera, I suffered from an embarrassment of riches. All the sol. diers crowded into the immediate foreground-there were half a thousand of them—and my lens was not wide-angled. In twos and threes they struck the most bloodthirsty attitudes, and I could only escape them by patiently faking a pressure of the bulb and a rolling on of the film. They were as proud as peacocks, as excitable and naive as children. Just as I pressed the bulb on a long row of them on horseback, one of them, beside himself with ch valor, accidentally discharged his rifle. His fellows laughed at him. his officers did not even frown. It was too common an occurrence. They were merely skylarking boys on the rampage, these rebels who had exchanged the tedium the day's work for a year-long picnic. Pi Pienie was what it was with a horse to ride, a peso and a half a day, good grub, a chance to loot, and, best of all, a chance to shoot their fellow men, which last is the biggest big-game hunting that ever falls to the lot of man. Through the fires of sunset—men, women, and small boys—they rode up the winding trail in single file and disappeared south on the road to Mexico City, their hearts high with the hope that they might overtake and terminate the lives of some of the unfortu-nate, limping, poor devils of Federals lagging behind the beaten army of Zaragoza.

"Klondike Faded to a Fare You Well!"

RETURNING by launch, I found that Tampico was mostly surrounded by water and was half a Venice. The backyards, or patios, rather, of the water-front dwellers overhung the canal, which teemed with dugout canoes and chalans (the open, native boat), on which lived many families. But in addition to all this was the evidence of the activity of our American adventurers. Everywhere boat building and repairing was going on. There were paint shops, machine shops, and shipways; and there were river steamers, barges, and launches, not by the score, but by the many hundred.

A carriage, drawn by the thinnest, boniest, manglest, pair of horses I had even seen, took me to the hotel. The reason for the condition of the horses was ob-

vious. Only such animals could have escaped for half a year the horse-stealing Federals and rebels. The hotel was modern, five-storied, had elevators, and was in every detail—from the café tables copied after Sherry's to the Tom Collins glasses that were duplicates of Martin's—a New York hotel. Mine host even had cold beer, having added to his stock by purchase from the Constitutional officers of a carload which they had confiscated at Monterey, and which they had run into Tampico over the Mexican Central Railway, also confiscated.

But the hotel was not the interesting thing. It was the men in it—Americans all, who were already gathering back after their enforced journey to the United States. The atmosphere was of the West, of the frontier, of the mining camp. I was more nearly reminded of the men of Klondike than of anywhere else. In truth, within an hour I encountered a dozen sourdoughs. known in the old days in Alaska.

I had parted seventeen years before in Dawson City: "Jack, this ain't no Klondike. It's got Klondike faded to a fare you well and any other gold camp the world has ever seen. You know my old claim on Eldorado, from rim rock to rim rock and 500 feet up and down stream—well, that was a humdinger and it cleaned up half a million. But shucks, that ain't anything alongside of these diggings. Why, there's the old well at Ebano, the first in the country, a gusher when they struck it twelve years ago, and still a-gushing. They ain't had to pump it yet. It just naturally gushes.

Two of them I had Said one from whom

"And the Dutch, up above Panuco, have got an ornery eight-inch hole, nothing to look at, but it can

throw 185,000 barrels a day when it ain't pinched down. Figure it up. Say oil at 50 cents a barrel, that makes \$90,000 gold a day; in ten days \$900,000; in a hundred days \$9,000,000; in a year, allowing sixty-five days for delays and accidents, \$27,000,000—and that's gold, United States gold coin with the eagle and the Indian. Eldorado and Bonanza together, mouth to source, bench claims and all, didn't turn that much out in the first two years of skimming the cream."



And there were women, young women all, mere soldaderas as well as amazons, the former skirted and on sidesaddles, the latter trousered and cross saddled, and all of them wickedly armed like their male comrades and none of them married

I learned that the Pánuco field alone was estimated by conservative expert oil men to contain at least \$2,000,000,000 worth of oil. One really conservative expert put it at \$2,500,000,000, but after a moment, without prompting, amended his figures to \$2,000,000,000. And the Pánuco was only one of three big fields, the other two being Ebano and Huasteca, while there were two lesser fields, the Chila and the Topila, each with its noteworthy producing wells, and all five fields as yet scarcely scratched.

all five fields as yet scarcely scratched.

And from oil and oilmen I drifted into war and soldier men in the shape of a couple of rebel officers. One, a colonel, with no English, presented me with a handful of Federal money confiscated at Monterey and declared worthless by the Constitutionalists. That was why he gave it to me, and, promptly and absent-mindedly, I bought cold beer with it for all of us and received

under the heart, right side to left, in and out again. "We shoot our men who loot," he said softly, with no more emphasis than if he had announced that they slapped looters on the wrists. "We shot four of our men here in Tampico. It is true we are civilized. At Monterey we shot one colonel and one captain for looting. No, it is not permitted. We are not savages."

Ing. No, it is not permitted. We are not savages."
Yes, he was a four years' veteran. It had been a long fight, with many a day and week of hunger when the very thought of a tortilla made one sick with longing. And straight beef after a month, cooked hot from the hoof, did sometimes make one tired. Had I heard how Huerta shaved? Well, Huerta stood erect while the barber shaved him, one hand in his pocket on a revolver with which to get the barber if the barber cut his throat.

It was all lies about the Constitutional atrocities. All such things were committed by the Federals. They dragged their wounded enemies to death with lariats, while the Constitutionalists took their wounded enemies to hospital and nursed them. It was true they did sometimes execute captured Federal officers, but only when such officers were known assassins and traitors.

traitors.

"Zaragoza?" he repeated, after my question at parting. There was a white flash of small, even teeth, and the soft voice enunciated ever so softly: "He is in the trap. He cannot escape."

"And when you catch him?" I queried.
"He is an assassin," came the answer, indirect was true, but a complete, straight-out answer.

"And when you catch him?" I queried.

"He is an assassin," came the answer, indirect it was true, but a complete, straight-out answer. In the morning, in a speed boat, accompanying the general superintendent of an oll company, I went up the Pānuco River. Except where there were wharves for loading oil, or where the cut banks were too steep, the rich alluvial soil was farmed by the Indians to the water's edge. And here, amid coconut palms, banana trees, and trees of the mango and the avocado, I saw demonstrated the statement that soil and climate were such as to permit the raising of three crops of corn a year. Side by side there were patches of corn just sprouting, of corn that was in the tassel.

The Vivid Multifarious Life

and of corn that was being harvested.

I T WAS amazing to see the cattle drinking knee-deep in the river, and horses and mules along the bank. Not all the stock had been run off by the soldiers. From time to time our swift craft swerved in nearer to the bank in order that the superintendent might try to identify familiar-looking animals. In this he was occasionally successful, the animals having escaped from the fleeing Federals and drifted back to their own pastures.

back to their own pastures.

Where the Tamesi River flowed in we passed the drawbridge wrecked by the Federals, and the sunken gunboat, the Vera Cruz, abandoned with open sea cocks when the Constitutionalists took the town.

We continued up the Panuco, past the tiled roofs of Americans who farmed the land, past the grass huts of the natives, and past many brown-skinned September Morns bathing in the shallows. The American farms were deserted, the owners not yet having come back from their forced trip to the United States. One such holding consisted of 1,300 acres, 1,000 of which were in bananas. Other Americans had gone in for grapefruit, and all ran stock in the rich pastures. No hay is cured in this land, nor do the natives feed grain even to their work animals. The horses and mules are grass-fed and leafbrowsed, and grass and leaves are green the year around. Rain falls every month in the year, the "rainy season" merely connoting the period of excessive rain.

The Pánuco River was alive with traffic. The first returning adventurers were already

moving oil. River steamers and ocean tugs moved up and down with long tows of tank barges, and here and there, against the banks, barges were loading oil from the pipe lines of near-by wells. Also, we passed the sites of ancient towns, whose totality of inhabitants. In numbers of from twenty-five to fifty thousand, had been massacred by the Aztecs or taken up for the great sacrificial festivals in the lake city of the Montezumas.

There were, on the river, many hundreds of the chalans, or long poling boats of the Indians, going upstream with purchases from town, coming down on the current loaded with chickens, vegetables, charcoal, corn, raw sugar, bananas, pineapples, sugar cane, and all manner of things from the soil that fetch a price in Tampico. The honesty of these Indians is proverbial. From the headreaches of the Pánuco they



Never on the warpath have I encountered a bunch of warriors so harumscarum, so happy-go-lucky, so brimming over with good food and high spirits. Everyone was mounted. Every horse was stolen. On the horses were the brands of every ranch and hacienda from the Rio Grande to the Panuco

good Constitutional money in change from the large bills. The other officer, a major, was soft voiced and gentle faced as a woman, and at the same time as sanguinary as any hero of the bull ring. He had been in the field four years. He had fought under Madero. He was now fighting under Villa and Carranza. Two of his brothers had been killed in battle. All his property was destroyed. He had but recently recovered from a bullet which had perforated him just

are sometimes months in making the round trip, and they are often trusted with thousands of pesos with which to make purchases in Tampico. From every foreigner in Mexico comes the same

testimony of the rock-ribbed integrity of the Indian. It is always the mixed breed who is

unveracious, dishonest, and treacherous It was the mixed breeds who composed the mobs in Tampico that cried death to the gringos. And many of these half-breeds, so crying, were the very em-ployees of the gringos they wanted to kill and whose property they wanted to destroy. And it was the peon, the Indian, who remained faithful to his salt.

Indian Faith

S AN example of this, part way on our journey in the Topila field, the superintendent ran the boat in to a small wharf where an Indian was loading two barges with oil. When the Americans were driven out, this Indian. without instructions, threatened by the soldiers, had stuck to his post and moved the flowing oil from wells to tanks and to the emergency reservoirs. Nor had a barrel of oil been lost. Yet three times the Federals had strung him up by the neck in an effort to per-

suade him to volunteer in the army.

As he told them, and he is legion:

"I don't want to fight. I have trouble with nobody. I don't want trouble.

When I first came to work here for the gringos I had nothing. I went barefooted. Now I wear shoes. When I worked I got sixty centavos a day. Now I get four pesos a day. I have a nice house. There are chairs in my house. I have a talking machine. Before I lived like a dog. No, I won't be a soldier and fight. All I want is to be left alone."

Forty-seven miles above Tampico we came to the superintendent's wells in the Pánuco field. Two days before, his handful of American employees had re before, his handrul of American employees had re-turned to the looted camp and begun moving oil and building new emergency reservoirs against the time when they might again be driven out. The foreman in charge, a lean, low-spoken Texan, in reply to the

superintendent's query for news, said:
"Oh, everything's moving along slowly. The trouble
is that our peons have taken to the brush and there'll be some time getting confidence into them to come back. You know so-and-so—well, the cuss was out here this morning, with a few drinks in him, and throwing the fear of God into the few peons I have gathered in, telling them that we'd soon be gone and that every one of them that had worked for us would be shot. Oh, and he cussed us out good and plenty to our faces, telling us that what would happen to the ons wasn't a circumstance to what was coming to us. The superintendent turned to me with a wear; smile.

"That man," he explained, "is the Mexican, the same old half-breed type, with no virtues and all vices. He runs one of the biggest stores in Tampico. Our books will show that we have spent in his store in the last twelve months over \$100,000 gold. And he has been invariably courteous and friendly to us. And now he selects our particular camp in which to voice his threats."

The Blunder at Tambico

AHAT a blunder was made in not landing our troops at Tampico the same time we landed them at Vera Cruz cannot be doubted by anyone who has gone over the ground and studied the situation. To make matters worse, our American warships were withdrawn from the river and anchored in the open Gulf, ten miles away. The Mexicans, inflamed by the in-vasion of their country at Vera Cruz, took this withdrawal of our naval forces from Tampico as a sign of timidity. Mobs formed in the streets, and the Americans—men, women, and children—took refuge in the hotels, while the mobs tore down and spat upon American flags and cried death to all Americans.

It is a curious sort of reasoning that brings about a conclusion that the only way to save the lives of our countrymen and countrywomen is to run away and leave them in such a city under such circumstance To make matters worse, the United States,

virtue of the old Monroe Doctrine, had warned the other powers off and announced her ability to deal

with the situation. The captains of the Dutch and English war vessels declined to interfere for the deserted Americans even when the captain of the German warship approached them to join with him in a shore party to rescue the be-sleged Americans. This was on the night that succeeded the day of the landing at Vera Cruz.

That night, for an instance, over a

hundred Americans, including their women, were sheltered in the Southern Hotel. Those who did not have guns had armed themselves with machetes and clubs for what looked like the last stand. The mob roared

in the street and repeatedly attacked the doors with battering rams. And at one in the morning two German officers arrived from the battleship. The English and the Dutch captains had declined to cooperate, and the German commander was acting on his own re-



Prayer of the

By DE WITT HUTCHINGS

GREAT LORD OF EVIL, Demon of hate, thy servant

awaits thy call!

Other servants hast thou; poison, dagger, sword:

Or others still more subtile; man's avarice and greed,
His passions and his lies, despair, accident, and pain; But I serve thee as loyally, as surely and as well.

Out of black earth I came, in the gleaming flames was made,

On my birth I sang a song of blood to thee.

All my days have I praised thee, attending thy shrine;

Give me my work to do. Hear now my cry and my plea.

Loose the gaunt hosts of war. Let pillage stalk forth. Make brother against brother stand; father against son; Let families be riven; heart turn from heart; love cease. Send forth fire, pestilence, starvation, death. Cover the land with famine. Make the sun withhold his light. Let ruin grip the earth. Give me my work. Through trampled grain fields let contending armies go; In the trench let soldiers lie, their country's strongest sons, Have parching heat and chilling cold at hand To torment and to rack the nerves made weak by me; Have trigger pulled that speeds me in straight flight To human goal across the deadly space.

No sudden death I'd, bring, but rather tear and rend. Imbed me in soft flesh; muscle and sinew riven. Let the victim's blood drench all the ground, His nostrils fill with smell of bruised flesh, Have ghouls tear from his neck the locket of his wife. Answer his cry for water and for bread with laughter harsh. Give no pause to his pain the weary hours through. Summon fever of the body and the brain And bid them stir the caldron of his life afresh. Have vultures and lean dogs cry back his cries And moaning wind and crash of storm.

Grant that my work shall not cease there, But send it gathering force adown the years. Visit his children and his wife, bereft, with w Let hunger, want, and illness them torment, And blight their lives with his firm arm removed; The generation gone, so strong through peace, The race to follow weak and maimed by me.

If not in formal battle my work lies, Let me in other ways serve thee as well. Perhaps in city street where ambush lurks, From hidden casement dealing death unseen; Perhaps from gun on headland sending shell That tears its way through armored hull To heart of battleship, and hurls the monster Skyward with its living load and strews Them in the wreckage on the tide.

Whatever work thou hast for me to do. Whether my part be great or small, Let me sing blood and hatred, war and death, And serve thee truly in thy ravaging of man.



the Pánuco field was forty-seven miles by the windthe range and ten miles away, in the opposite direction from Tampico, lay the American warships. A superintendent, accompanied by a young Texan, braved the streets in the early morning of the second day.

They were spat upon and reviled, and

were only saved by an armed guard. But they managed to win across the river and to get the crew of a sternwheel steamer to volunteer to go up to l'anuco. Fired at by soldiers and looters, followed by troops of Federal cavalry along the banks, they nevertheless cleaned up every camp and brought back with them some three hundred adventurers of their kind. Yes, someventurers of their kind. Yes, some-body blundered in this Tampico affair.

Salvation in a Threat

WHEN General Zaragoza, with his 4,000 Federals, evacuated Tampico, he retreated on a number of long railroad trains. But beyond Ebano the tracks were blocked by the Abandoning the trains, General Zaragoza retreated across country to the Panuco oil fields. On this march he shot fifteen of his lagging men as a spur to the rest to keep up. In the old town of Pánuco he rested while getting horses and provisions for his men. He was a beaten man, and, but for one thing, he would have been destroyed. He sent a message to General Pablo Gonzales, commanding the rebels that had driven him

out of Tampico.

"I am a beaten man," was the tenor of Zaragoza's message. "My men are exhausted. I am short of ammunition. If you attack me, I am lost. But the moment you attack I shall fire the oil wells."

And the rebels did not attack. It was a pretty situation. The rebels planned to add to their treasury by shaking down the oilmen. If the oil wells were ruined, the oilmen would have nothing for which to be shaken down. Zaragoza took his time ere he drifted away south across the hot lands in his effort to find a way up the mountains to the great table-

Child-minded men, incapable of government, playing with the weapons of giants! A \$2,000,000,000 oil body, a world asset, if you please, at the pleasure of stupid anarchs! And all that saved it, the desire of a portion of the anarchs to loot, by forced contribution, the gringos who had found and developed the oil fields!

Two thousand feet under the surface lies the Pánuco oil body. The formation overlying the oil sands is so broken and creviced by ancient upheavals that the casings are not tight. To seal a well under such conditions would force the oil to rise to the surface outside the casing. At the best, with the wells "pinched down" to the limit of safety, the flow of all the wells could not be reduced below a daily run of 100,000 barrels. From the time when the oil-men were driven out and shanghaied to the United States this great volume of oil accumulated in the tanks and in the open emergency reservoirs. A wad of cotton waste, saturated with kerosene and ignited and tossed into the oil, could have started the \$2,000,-000,000 bonfire. General Zaragoza could so started it. So could any drunken peon.

Marvels of the Oil Field

PERHAPS no oil region has been tapped that will compare with the Tampico region. The wells on all the five fields are gushers, and, unlike most gushers, are slow in gushing themselves out. The well at Ebano, previously mentioned, has been flow-ing for twelve years. In the Huasteca field is a well that has gushed 23,000 barrels a day for four years. To-day it is still gushing its 23,000 barrels, the oil has the same twenty-two gravity, has yet to show a trace of moisture, and carries less than two-tenths of 1 per cent of sediment.

In passing, it may be remarked of the last-mentioned well that, when the Americans were forced out and the half-breed employees had gone to rioting, an old Indian employee took charge of his fellow Indians, and in twenty-two days handled the 500,000 barrels of oil and pumped it over the pipe line to the tank farm and terminal, 105 kilometers away. Not a barrel of oil was lost, and when the Americans

returned they found it ready to load into the ocean tankers.

But, while the Tampico oil region as

unthinkably big and rich, so much time and money have been required in de-velopment that, out of eighty-nine oilproducing companies operating during the last fourteen years, only three have so far paid dividends. One particular company has invested \$38,000,000 and has paid but a dividend and a half. There are other

companies that have invested more than this one. A single company, which has so far paid one dividend, has 4,000 men on the pay roll, (Concluded on page 24)



And so, thanks to the Germans, the sponsibility. Americans in Tampico were rescued.

But there were several hundred men, women, and

children far up in the oil fields. From Tampico to

The Toe of Retribution

TE HAVE a clear case," observed Finnigan, raising himself to a seat on a baggage truck beside the three men in oily overalls and jackets.
"Ye have a clear case.
As Æsop's widow remarked, ye have merely t' presint your grievance and then prepare for a hard bump, or prepare beforehand."
"It's a just cause," stated one of the engi-

neers with conviction.
"This deal o' transfer-ring an engine division is equivalent to evican' it'll bear investigation.

"So will Mormonism or a carbuncle," rejoined the conductor. You people took th' righteous course.

probed the superintendent of motive power, yer nearest ancestor, officially speakin'. He told ye ther' was nothin' compulsory about yer followin' th' destiny of th' road. She'd try and continue to operate widout

yer cooperation, wasn't that it? An'—hold on, listen to th' arbitrator—an' then take yer grief to th' division superintendent. He refers ye back to Motive Power McGill. Yer next court o' appeal is the general superintendent, an' be'll return ye t' Strand wid this respects. Then ye climbs along t' Beveridge an' there ye gits a letter o' introduction to General Superintendent Caton. When ye reach th' president's office ye'll meet wid an expression o' surprise at th' G. M. permittin' him t' be annoyed wid a grievance committee, an' ye'll git waved back t' Beveridge fer further particulars."

"Y ER compass now points t' th' directors who reprisint the soullessness o' this particular monopoly. If ye find 'em—which ye won't—they'll probably drop ye way down to McGill, an' request ye t' turn th' other cheek. What ye'll have accomplished is makin' sore noses all up an' down th' ladder, an' by far th' most inflamed proboscis will be worn by McGill right at the roundhouse gate. Theoret-lcally, it's th' privilege o' every employee havin' a grievance to submit his variety o' pang—an' take th' consequince, which is always in practical shape."

"But we own our homes at Ixonia," protested Quaid,

"an' there's th' question of increased mileage, too. Ixonia's th' proper division point." "Ye're right. Ye were before ye spoke. But against

yer rectitude stands th' consistent fact that th' president an' directors own a large tract of land near Melville. They might intend to presint it t' th' city as a park, which'ud be a graceful act an' surprise every-body—themselves most of all. But seein' they're conbody—themselves most of all. But seein' they're constructin' shops an' a roundhouse an' extensive coal chutes, an' gently but firmly persuadin' their West End enginemen that it's t' their interest t' move, it looks t' me like one o' th' smoothest operations yet recorded t' th' credit o' that new sect, th' captains o' industry."

"It's a rank outrage," growled Cleary, another engineer.

engineer

"True fer you," assented the conductor urbanely, "an' one o' th' finest colonization schemes perpetrated. Show me another real-estate boom where th' boomees were bullringed t' th' sod, whither or no

H' Brotherhood will take a hand in this." asserted Cleary.

"It will not. Ye've a case by itself. Ye can appeal it, as I've already shown, an' get th' worst o' it comin' an' goin', or ye can give in, sanctimonious an' cheerful, an' reap th' benefit o' peace. That's me advice, an' ye have it free."

"Who's asked your advice?" inquired Cleary iras-

"Nobody," returned the conductor; "I just butted in out o' pure good will an' t' relieve me mind, which gits turbulent when I see good men an' true goin' up against th' appeal proposition which never won in th against the appear proposition which never won in the long run an' never will. Now t' me mind comes th' case o' Willie Hood—"

"What are you to do when your immediate superior won't remedy a complaint?" interrupted Cleary.
"Figure out his reasons an' generally lay down yer



By Frank R. Robinson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

hand. McGill's a human bein' like yerself. He likely understands yer position an' blamed well he under-stands his own. It's not in his mitt t' make explanastands his own. It's not in his litt t make explana-tions. That ain't sayin' he wouldn't like t'. But he has a family t' support an' a job t' keep warm as well as th' rest o' us. S'pose when ye went after him he had told ye: 'B'yes, ye have me sympathies. Yer cause is just. It's nothin' less than a malignant shame that ye're required t' leave th' homes ye own an' move into th' company's reservation at Melville. But, ye see, I has no say. It's beyond me jurisdiction. Th' bunch above, that consumes th' champagne an' private cars an' lobster an' sherbet, has syndicated th' plat, an' intend t' develop it wid th' material at their disposal, which happens t' be yerselves.'

"Did he say that? No, he did not. If he had ye'd

gone away wid yer lacerated feelin's soothed an' lost no time in circulatin' McGill's sentiments th' length o' th' pike, wid th' result that th' superintendent o motive power'ud have been wrenched loose from th' pay roll in short order fer lack o' policy in dealin'

wid subordinates.
"An' so ye've shot over McGill an' Strand, an' queered two good friends who has stood for ye be-fore an' would have helped ye again when in th' nature o' things they could. There was th' case o' Billy Hood.

Well, what about Billy Hood?" demanded Cleary.

E'RE not conversant wid th' hist'ry o' William, princ'pally"—Finnigan produced a blackened clay pipe—"princ'pally—have ye a pipeful, Hal-I don't like t' carry it fer fear o' scentin' me uni— because yer not in touch wid th' diplomacy o' th' form—because yer not in touch wid th' diplomacy o' th' train service which is th' brakemen. Who makes th' time cards? Th' brakemen. Who constitutes th' consultin'authority o' th' president? Who railroads in their sleep? Th' brakemen. Billy Hood? Well, Billy was a leadin' light an' tactful. He couldn't read er write, but he was instinctive. Would sit an' pore over th' bill o' fare at th' Campbell House an' wait until some other party gave an excessive big order an' then yawn an' party gave an excessive big order an' then yawn an' say: 'Well, just bring me th' same.' Billy broke fer Joe McQueen. Joe's dead now—God rest his ginerous soul! Ye all remember Joe. His opinion o' himself was far from commonplace. Right after I was set up t' passenger work I met him in th' conductor's room at Portal. We registered at th' same time, an', standin' beside me, Joe tuk out seven cegars, checked 'em up careful, put wan in his mouth, an' six back in his pocket. He didn't know I smoked? He did that. But th' cegars which had touched th' sanctity o' his waistcoat, them cegars was too swell fer th' likes o' a man just set up, wid th' callouses yet on his hands

Billy worked for Joe. Th' company paid his mu billy worked for Joe. In company pasts and inficent salary, an' Joe seen he earned it. Joe would leave his overcoat in th' rear sleeper an' walk t' th' baggage car an' send Billy after th' coat. Billy must brush and groom Joe an' work diligintly t' stand in wid his noble patron.

'That was the layout at th' time o' th' S. W. strike. Ye know how th' company requisted th' special service

o' their oldest em-ployees t' do switchin' at th' terminal? That meant Joe, amongst several others. Well, they went t' Ransom, as ye know, an' they rode cars an' threw switches an' dodged an' caught links an' pins for twelve long days an' nights. Then th' strike broke, an' back they come, bloodshot, triumphant, an' bruised.

"Th' company giv' 'em a banquet, cegars was smoked, speeches was made by th' officials glorifying th employees, an' by th' employees payin' tribute t' th' nobility o' th' powers that be. It was wan o' them occasions when th' official fergits his divine origin an' relaxes his strut. Some

o' ye has seen 'em thus There seems t' be somethin' about smashed rollin' stock an' damaged freight scattered over a mile or two o' right o' way that puts th' average official on speakin' terms wid other human bein's. Well, th' banquet was over, th' rs were smoked, an' th' lights put out. One week after th' blowout th' company put collectors on all th' er runs

"Do you realize th' effect of a collector on a passenger run? Ye do not, an' it's just as well. Ye have trouble o' your own. "It takes years o' twistin' brakes an' hangin' t' icy

runnin' boards t' git a passenger run, an' then after feelin' that ye are it fer a few short years t' have a walkin' cash register, drawin' th' same salary as yerself, fresh from th' office rug, march ahead o' ye an' usurp yer hard-earned perrogatives

FER instance, along comes old Bobby Buchanan, who is Joe's side pardner an' beauty. who is Joe's side pardner an' has rode wid him off an' on fer years. Joe's a-standin' by th' engine comparin' time wid th' engle eye. 'Hello. Joe, ole dog.'

says Bobby, 'guess I'll ride up th' line wid ye to-night.'
"'Can't carry ye, Bob,' says Joe, 'got tickers now,
ye know.' 'Tickers?' says Bobby, 'wat's tickers?' 'That.'
says Joe, pointin' t' th' collector down alongside th'
train, 'that which just now is askin' my brakeman if train, 'that which just now is askin' my brakeman if th' bell cord is all that holds th' cars together is th' ticker. It has brass buttons an' a sign on its cap, "Collector," resemblin' "Conductor" so close that th' passengers often thinks it's th' captain. That's th' imitation t' be asked if ye kin ride, an' which won't be consulted by me nor for me, so, Bobby, ye have yer choice o' three selections: pay yer fare, walk, or stay at home. Thus has th' mighty fallen,' says Joe, a-grittin' his teeth, 'an' them wid their damn terminal strike an' banquet.'

"Which anecdote pictures th' sentimental side. Th' practical side is—hush, it's me fergittin' I'm a member o' th' privileged class. Well, anyway, on th' Prairie Division alone th' receipts from cash fares swelled out o' all ratio th' first week th' tickers was on.

"Now, a check-up of this sort is bad medicine, because it reprisints a diversion of funds from their accustomed channel which, whatever its moral perch, carries wid it all th' pangs of a deficit. On th' other hand, it's sourin' t' observe that what you ain't gettin' is pilin' up evidence fer yer undoin'.

HIS were th' painful situation o' th' passenger cons—reduced incomes an' sword hangin' over their heads when Billy Hood made th' remarks about Joe.
"Says he: 'Th' trip after th' banquet, Joe was that

aristocratic I wouldn't dare pass him in th' coach. I had to go over th' top o' th' train t' keep out o' his way. Then come th' collectors, an' now th' poor old cuss is simply wind broke. Tame! He's that domes-ticated he'll purr widout strokin'.'
"This were perpetrated whin Billy an' a concourse

o' brakemen was cleanin' lamps in th' oil room. Billy made th' observation confidentially, which is probably th' reason that Joe had it word for word th' next A confidential knock is the most efficient form o' advertisin'.

"It was a case o' hock th' kiser an' less majester strung together. When Joe heard about it he frothed at th' mouth fer fair.

a we not patt mig slip late H

mo bac red cap Mr the the con

me Set rig

kne

Mrs mal

eire

a fo

wha "T leng husk

Back "T the n right and l virile listen Back Nysw the w

dappe

"'Th' ungrateful swine. After all I've done fer

him,' says he.
"Of all mortal sins, ongratitude cuts th' deepest It 'ud have been unreasonable fer Joe to' felt different after allowin' Billy t' earn th' salary th' company paid "Joe consulted wid th' other cons, an' they was o' him besides performin'

wan mind: 'Git rid o' him! Can th' insultin' whelp!'
"A month before, as luck 'ud have it Morgan, th'
Prairie Division train master, tirin' o' doin' half a man's work, had issued instructions thet each ductor should hire an' fire his own brakemen. Is it give him a chance t' sign a bulletin an' git properly aloof from th' subordinate herd. "I expect th' cons was all itchin' t' try their hands at

equipped authority, an' it was pie fer Joe t' have th' first fling.

"So he ordered a new man, an' when Billy showed go out, Joe broke th' news t' him.

"Billy took it hard.

"'Discharged?' says he. 'What's th' cause?'
"'Ye talk too much,' says Joe; 'yer work's all right.
Nothin' 'tall t' complain about yer work. Ye're a good brakeman far as that goes, but ye're impertinent t' yer superiors an' disloyal. Disloyalty can't be tolerated,' continues Joe; 'soak that into yer mind, so's when ye

git another job wid some good man you'll know enough t' keep yer mouth shut.'

"'Am I blacklisted?' inquired Billy wid tears in his

'You're in a biased position wid th' conductors o' this road, an' I doubt if any o' them would employ ye,' says Joe; 'but I don't want t' see ye starve, so I'll give ye a recommend if ye want.'

"'I believe I'd like one. I got t' work an' I'm no good

at anythin' outside railroadin'. I wish ye could see yer way clear t' reinstate me,' says Billy.

"'I wish I could, but, ye see, it's a case o' discipline. Discipline an' example. We conductors has our pres-tige t' look out fer, an' yer remarks was simply nefarious. I'd advise ye t' strike out West, where ye ain't known, an' take a fresh start. Come up t' my house when I git back, an' I'll give ye a good testimonial.'

OW, Earl Moe was brakin' them days an' takin' a night medical course. Fine practice now in Wyocena. Th' distressed William told Earl how he had been dispensed wid by Joe, an' also concernin' th' prospective testimonial.

"'I'll git Joe's letter,' says he, 'an' it's me t' th' tur-bulent West an' a close mouth fer Billy when he gits another job.

"Earl contemplated. There was a feller who could

contemplate right.

"Finally says he: 'Th' letter's yer gait, Hood. Ye may not have t' go West. Git th' letter an' bring it t' me. But begin this minit workin' yer close mouth precept t' th' limit.'

"Two days afterward Billy passed th' letter over t' Earl. Earl read it. It was a fine recommend. Joe wasn't a bad feller at heart, an' I s'pose he felt kind o' remorseful over jammi' it into Billy. Besides, it was a brand-new glory t' him. Th' letter was all there, an' strong. Joe laid it on thick in efficient an' faithful service entirely satisfactory. Regret t' lose so capable

an employee, an' a lot more.

"Earl read it again. Then he says: 'Yes, indeed.

Quite so. Now, Billy, you take this letter t' Mr. Beveridge an' tell him th' facts.'

"'Th' general manager!' yells Billy. 'He won't see

me. I can't git by th' coon.'
"'He'll see ye all right. Tell th' boy jist who ye are,
an' that ye want a minute's talk wid Mr. Beveridge.
Don't take off none o' yer clothes, except yer hat. Ye ront take on none o yer crotnes, except yer hat. Ye needn't prepare any oration. Answer his questions. That'll keep yer mind occupied. Th' only thing that worrith me,' says Earl, contemplatin' some more, 'is precisely where th' lightnin's (Concluded on page 26)

The Widow's Mite

T WAS a comfortable-looking room. carpet toned by age was one of the things that made it so; the big base-

burner whose polished hips reflected the ruddy glow from its mica panes, was an other; the cat added con-siderably, curled in blissful omnolence near the fire; the "After - Clouds - Sunshine' motto against the flora background on the wall, the red crêpe shaded lamp, the capacious Boston rocker and Mrs. Ed Backus who sat therein and knitted — all these spoke eloquently of omfort.

The only inharmonious element in the composition was Seth Gifford, who sat with a rigid back and right-angular knees facing Mrs. Backus. but not looking at her, and

to all appearance uncom-fortable to the last degree. A lull in the conversation had occurred. Backus was known among her female intimates in the camp of Coo-Stick, and by some outside of that privileged circle, as "a pretty good single handed talker!" one who could "keep up her end" with a foot or two to spare; but she was, nevertheless, a woman of sense, and she knew the value of certain silences. Gifford felt that she was smiling, but did

not dare to verify his impression, and continued to fix his stolid gaze upon a particular rosebud in the chintz pattern. Certainly, as far as ease was concerned, he might as well have been in the front room with the slippery horsehair sofa, the crayon portrait of the late lamented Ed Backus, the marble-center table, the sea shells, and the blue-plush album. Still, she would have to say something pretty soon, and then-

He glowed at the awful possibility and rubbed his exceedingly moist palms on his knees.

Finally the click of the knitting needle ceased and the— whatever it was she was working on—dropped in her lap. "Well, Seth!" she said with a half-malicious challenge in her tone.

IFFORD looked into her laughing eyes and the brick-dust red of his face deepened a shade. He cleared his throat. "Well, Marthy," he replied huskily, and cleared his throat again. A footfall ounded on the porch and he half rose and reached for his hat, as a knocking at the front door succeeded

"What was you goin' to say, Seth?" asked Mrs Backus, disregarding the interruption.

"There's some one knockin' at the door," stammered e man. "Shall I—" the man. "Shall I—"
"I'll go," said the widow rather irritably. "You set right where you are." She threw her knitting on the table and left the room. Gifford dragged his shambling six feet of length out of the chair and with a knuckly. reet of length out of the chair and with a knuckly, virile hand tugging nervously at his brown beard stood listening intently. He heard the musical voice of Mrs. Backus say in accents of glad surprise, "Why, Mr. Nyswanger!" and ejaculated, "Dern the luck!" Then the widow reappeared, piloting a particularly neat and dapper man of middle age, slightly bald, whose sa-gacious business nose drooped over a mustache of surBy Kennett Harris ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE



"Will ye look at the r'yal raiment on him!"

He picked up the lantern and surveyed Gifford critically

prising jettiness, and who, at the sight of Gifford, stared uneasily. His manner, however, was breezy and confident as he extended his hand.

"This is one on me," he remarked smiling genially.
"I didn't reckon you was havin' company, Mrs. Backus.

ow are you, neighbor?"
"I'm all right," replied Gifford gruffly. shamefaced way he added: "I jest dropped in to tell Mrs. Backus I seen that cow she was askin' about, rangin' with some Flyin' V dogies over by Willow."

"Sho!" ejaculated the newcomer with a grin. "Is that so? Now I jest came to see Mrs. Backus. Didn't have nothin' to tell her—nothin' she don't know a'ready. I come for the reason I jest naturally couldn't keep away."

as cheap as standin'. What did you do with that cow, Seth?" "Well, set down both of you," said the widow. "It's

"Left her there," replied the ranchman. "I allowed if you wanted her I'd bring her in or I'd get her at the round-up. Feed's good and that's her old range anyway. No, I won't sit down. I reckon I'd best be hittin' the breeze."

ttin the breeze.
"What's your rush?" asked Mrs. Backus.
"Evenin's young yet," observed Mr. Nyswanger
nillingly. "Don't hurry yourself off. We'll be lonesmilingly. ne. Well, if you must—"
"You hush!" commanded the widow. "You don't

need to go now. Seth."

'It ain't strictly nessary," supplemented Nyswanger. "Still. I s'pose there's the stock to look after."

"I reckon I'il go now," repeated Gifford helplessly, trying to evade the widow's appealing eye and coaxing smile.

"That's one thing I like about Seth-his stren'th o' "That's one thing I like about Seth—his stren'th o' mind," said Nyswanger approvingly, addressing Mrs. Backus. "When Seth once settles on what he's goin' to do, there ain't no stoppin' nor turnin' him. Now me, I ain't like that. Sometimes I can be tol'able set, but there's some folks I can't say 'no' to. It beats the Dutch how firm Seth is, though. So long, Seth, old sport!"

The ranchman nodded and his high-heeled boots creaked noisily as he went out. Mrs. Backus hesitated a moment under the smiling regard of Nyswanger and then hurried after him. He turned at the outer door, and his face in the light of the dimly burning bracket lamp showed unmistakable resentment. Mrs. Backus smiled at him, a

bewitching, appealing smile, but it had no thawing effect. His hand sought the knob of the door.

"You ain't goin' off mad, are you, Seth?"

she inquired sweetly.
"What'd I be mad about?" asked Gifford

rather sulkily. 'I don't know, I'm sure," answered the widow. "But you'll come again an' let me know how the cow's gettin' along, won't you?" "She'll be all right," growled Gifford open-

ing the door. "You know I didn't expect no other comp'ny," said Mrs. Backus hurriedly. "I couldn't help—"

Yes, you could," said the ranchman. "He

wouldn't come less'n you wanted him to come, that's a cinch."
"How about you then, Seth?" asked the lady

archly. 'That's it. I'm all right and he's all right. "That's it. I'm all right and he's all right. He ain't got no aidge on me, o' course, an' I ain't got no aidge on him. Well, you make up your mind which it's to be an' let me know."

"I sure will," said Mrs. Backus with sudden iciness.

"I'll get me a rig and drive out and tell you when I make up my mind that I can't have anybody come to see me who behaves like a gentleman and who's a friend of mine. Good night, Mr. Gifford, and don't friend of mine. Good night, Mr. Gifford, and don't you put yourself to no more trouble about my stock,

She shut the door.

It was a moment or two before Gifford quite re-

It was a moment or two before Gifford quite re-covered from the surprise of it.

At the livery stable, going directly to the stall where his horse was tied, he brought him out and began to saddle him. As he did so, the door of the little boxed-off recess dignified by the name of "office" opened and a small, round man with vivacious black eyes and a long smoothly shaven upper lip peered out into the stable. into the stable.

WHAT in—oh, it's yourself, is it?" he said, advancing as he supply that vancing as he spoke. "Well, what d'ye mean walkin' into a man's stable an' helpin' yourself to your horse, you long-legged jude? Tryin' to jump the honest bill I've got agin you? Will ye look at the r'yal raiment on him!" He picked up the lantern and surveyed Gifford critically by its light, his black eyes twinkling humorously. "Sure you're a fascinatin' objec', Seth, when you get them clo'es on you. I don't wonder the little horse

Gifford pulled the back cinch to a judicious tightness and dropped the stirrups. At that point the little man caught the hitch rope that dangled overhead and snapped it in the ring of the horse's bit. "Now he'll be ready for you when you're ready for him," he remarked calmly, catching the ranchman by the arm. "Come into the office an' tell me what's the trouble. Don't resist, or I'll pick you up an' carry you."

"Honest, I've got to go, Larry," remarked the ranch-

"Honest, you can't go until you've paid your bill," said the little man tugging at his arm. "You come into the office an' settle afore I call the police. Will I take a wrench to you?

IFFORD forced a laugh and suffered himself to be led into the office and thrust into a chair. "Now tell me.
"Tell you what?"

"You've been gone less than an hour. That isn't any time for an evening call as I remember it, if everything's all right. You come back an' you haven't a word to throw to the best friend you have on earth, which is Larry MacFadden. Not that Larry's feelin's count. Ever since you took the notion that you was formed for female society it's little I've seen or heard of you an' little I expect to."

of you an' little I expect to."

"That's all over now," said Gifford. "I'm shook."

MacFadden pulled the little black clay from his mouth. "What?" he 'ried.

"That's what," Gifford assured him. "Come to a show-down. Nye or me. It's Nye."

"Him!" ejaculated MacFadden. "That tin horn? Well, I'm glad to hear it. If she'd take Bill Nyswanger, she ain't the kind o' woman for Seth Gifford, that's dead sure. The second reason is because now we can go around

now we can go around to Pete's and celebrate. Nye? Do you mean to say he's goin' to take her now?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Gifford, red-dening slightly. "I guess he'll take her quick enough if he gets a chance, and I reckon he's goin' to get the chance. He's there now."

"Then I'll bet a bil-lion to a blind bridle he doesn't know," chuckled MacFadden.

'Doesn't know what?" "Doesn't know she's lost her money. Didn't you know it either? Holy smoke! Why, yes, smoke! Why, yes, She had the whole sure. in the Redwater bank that busted last She never said July nothin' about it, but I guess 'most everybody in Coo-Stick knows it She told Mrs. Bixby in strict confidence as long ago as the day before yest'd'y. y. Cried about it. That's

Bixby says. She sure picked a good one to tell it to. Yes, she's afraid she's a-goin' to have to mortgage the

house."

Gifford pulled his beard thoughtfully.
"Come over to Pete's," urged MacFadden.
Gifford rose; "Pete's some other night," he said.
"I've got to get back to the ranch. I want to think this, over an' it takes me time to think. But Nye will prob'bly marry her."

"Would you feel bad about it?"

"Not me," said Gifford stoutly. "S'far's I know, he's played a square game. Where did Jack hang my spurs?"
"You're all right," said MacFadden approvingly. "It was the darndest fool notion anyway, you thinkin'

was the darndest fool notion anyway, you thinkin' you wanted to be a married man. You're too good a fellow for that. Come in soon now, or I'll be comin' after you. I want to tell you about a mine I've got. I'll let you in on it, too."

IFFORD nodded and, leading his snorting steed out into the street where it would have room for its usual preliminary gymnastics, swung himself quickly into the saddle and went undulating down the guich at the imminent hazard of his neck, and Mac-Fadden, after standing to watch him for a moment or two, shook his head and returned to the stable

"Would be feel bad about it?" On consideration be decided that he did feel bad about it, after all. But he certainly had only himself to blame for it. The peculiar thing about the whole matter was that he had not intended in the least to speak roughly or unkindly to her. He was just mad clear through with Nyswanger. Mad with himself for his slowness of wit and his weakness; and it came out somehow. And she treated him properly, calling his bluff in great shape. Good for her, too! Anybody acting that way got what was coming to him in all equity. "Darn my fool hide!" ejaculated Gifford.

He began to have brilliant afterthoughts. "What

ought to have said to him was, 'Well, I reckon won't hurry myself off sence you're anxious to ave me stay; I'll wait till after you've gone.' No, what I ought to have done was to have got up and asked him politely to step outside with me to talk over a matter of business, so as Martha wouldn't have suspected nothing, and then when I got him outside, belted the hay out o' him. It certainly would do me good to paste him a few, but I reckon he wouldn't was any sort of a server. He's rectty he wouldn't put up any sort of a scrap. He's pfetty slick, he is. Now he'll get her. It ain't natural to suppose he was just after that little wad of money she had. If she was any other sort of a woman than she had. If she was any other sort of a woman than what she is, he might, but she's good enough for any-

body without it. If he should pull out of the game.

That momentary gleam of hope faded almost soon as it occurred. It was too preposterous. J soon as it occurred. It was too preposterous. Just then the gray splashed belly-deep into the Beaver Creek Crossing, on the other side of which lay the Gifford domain.

WHEN Mrs. Backus returned to the comfortable sitting room and her dapper visitor her naturally high color was considerably heightened, a fact that Mr. Nyswanger did not fail to notice. There was more than one construction to be placed on the circumstance, however, and he proceeded to fish

diplomatically for the right one.
"A mighty fine fellow, Seth," he remarked. "They don't make no Mittin (Ylund. Sunshine

"What's your rush?" asked Mrs. Backus. "Evenin's young yet," observed Mr. Nyswanger smilingly. "Don't hurry yourself off. We'll be lonesome"

than him. They're considerable scarce

better men than him. They're considerable scarce around here in this section, anyway."

"That's as may be," said the widow tartly. "There may be worse, but that ain't sayin' he's the best there is. It's my opinion there ain't much to choose among you men folks, anyway."

NYSWANGER repressed an inclination to smile. "I don't say he's got any more sense than the territorial statutes allow him." he supplemented.
"I guess he hasn't," agreed Mrs. Backus. "There's ome as has though," she added. "They're so smart that the grand jury has to get after 'em once in a

Nyswanger let that pass. His own little misunderstanding with the body referred to was settled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned except the wrongheaded and impulsive person who had claimed to be swindled by mining stock in a nonexistent mine, issued by the guileless proprietor of the Bon Ton Clothing Emporium. It was Eastern capital anyway, and it had left no stain on Mr. Nyswanger's character.

"But when it comes to choosin'," pursued Mr. Ny-swanger insidiously, "I leave it to you whether a lov-ing heart and horse sense ain't worth while thinking over. Not to mention a good business and some of the richest mines in the richest hundred miles square on the face of the earth, if Hammond Hayes is any authority."

"I never heard of him lookin' over your mines," ob-

served the widow, "if it's your mines you mean. Have you got any holes dug in 'em yet? Still, I don't deny that it might be a comfort to have a good business man to turn to for advice. I'm needing some right now myself.

TENDER look appeared in the bulging eyes of the

A TENDER look appeared in the building eyes of the good business man. "I know of one you can tie to every time," he said. "If it's investments—"
"My land, no!" said the widow with a sigh. "Investments! No, I was wonderin' if there wasn't some vestments: No, I was wonderin' if there wasn't some way of getting a little somethin' out of that Redwater bank. I can't make head nor tail of the statements I'm getting from the receiver. I've heard that there won't be 3 per cent when they've realized on all the receiver.

"Do you mean to say you had anything in the Redtter bank?" asked Nyswanger.
"Mighty nigh all I had in the world," replied the

widow, sighing again. "Twe been a-worrying over it all summer. The house is clear, though."

Nyswanger pulled the neatly disposed red silk handkerchief from his breast pocket with a jerk and wiped his brow as he allowed his breath to escape in a gasp. Mrs. Backus raised her knitting and wiped her

"Seems like when a woman is alone and unprotected in the world, folks is bound to take advantage of her," she said pathetically.

"It's—it's too bad," said Nyswanger blankly. Presently, after a popeye contemplation of the "After-Seems like when a woman is alone and unpro-

ently, after a popeye contemplation of the "After-Clouds-Sunshine" motto, he said: "You didn't put your

cows in the bank?"
"No," replied the widow. "I've got them chattel mortgaged for \$500 to George Reynolds. They wouldn't bring much at sheriff's sale, but if I could pay the first note an' stave off the next one till spring -I can see it now, but I guess I got kind o' rattled at the time I done it. A woman ain't no business with stock, anyway. I'd ought to have 'em in the first e. But then," she place. she added, philosophically, "if I had, the money'd have gone into the bank with the rest and I'd have been out that much more."

YSWANGER
pulled a large,
ornately chased gold watch from his pocket and consulted it anxiously. Mrs. Backus sighed:

"I did think when Mr. Backus died that nothing couldn't never tempt me to get married again, she said. don't reckon I ever will, either, though there's them-

She checked herself and let her eyelashes drop modshe checket herself and let her eyelashes drop mot-estly. "Still," she resumed, "I certainly didn't have to lay awake nights an' wonder what was going to be-come of me when he was alive. Poor Pete!" "We must all go some time," said Mr. Nyswanger in a flabbily consoling tone, "and that reminds me—"

He rose from his chair.
"Set down," said Mrs said Mrs. Backus, and Nyswanger re luctantly obeyed.

"Yes, a man certainly is handy to have around at nes," she continued. "What you was a-sayin' just

times," she continued. "What you was a-sayin' just now about a lovin' heart and horse sense—" "Gifford's sure got 'em," said Mr. Nyswanger. "I wouldn't p'sume to mix in, but seein' as you've touched on the subject, I say again they don't make no better men than what he is around this section."

RS. BACKUS fixed him with an indignant stare, under which he shifted uneasily in his chair.
"Who was talkin' about Seth Gifford?" she demanded. "Has Seth Gifford got a good business an' some o' the richest mines in the richest hundred miles

"Ranchin' ain't a bad business," suggested Mr.
Nyswanger in a conciliatory tone. "Seth's done pretty tolerable well for the time he's been at it."

"Has he got mines?" asked the widow severely.
"Come to think of it, I wouldn't swear that he had
any mines," admitted Mr. Nyswanger. "But then that ain't no reflection on his character an' you know as well as I do that mining is mighty uncertain. There's more money sunk in the ground than ever was took out of it. I've got some good mines myself, but it takes capital to work 'em." (Continued on page 28)

goin end den stan Lax Dou to w fron bein

in t Theralwa cello to li Hi No

Н "Hib troub this a pa think held-

cigar

And

Eve Teuto He forts, the si He staire Low, The still o on his still q

redole

H

than a end.] ne h the ot that c his ar siphor



THEN the Lord Chancellor sat down thoughtful before the fire in the fine old paneled room assigned to him, he perce'ved that he was too disturbed to sleep. This was going to be an infernal week-end. The worst week-end he had ever had. Mrs. Rampound Pilby maddened him; Timbre, who was a Pragmatist—which stands in the same relation to a Hegelian that a small dog does to a large cat—exasperated him; he loathed Laxton, detested Rampound Pilby and feared—as far dog does to a large cat—exasperated him; he loathed Laxton, detested Rampound Pilby and feared—as far as he was capable of fearing anything—Captain Douglas. There was no refuge, no soul in the house to whom he could turn for consolation and protection from these others. Slinker Bond could talk only of the affairs of the party, and the Lord Chancellor, being Lord Chancellor, had long since lost any interest in the affairs of the party; Woodenhouse could talk of nothing. The women were astonishingly negligible. of nothing. The women were astonishingly negligible. There were practically no pretty women. There ought always to be pretty young women for a Lord Chancellor, pretty young women who can at least seem to liston.

And he was atrociously thirsty

No good thinking about it. . .

His room was supplied only with water—stuff you use to clean your teeth—and nothing else. . . .

E DECIDED that the best thing he could do to compose himself before turning in would be to sit down at the writing table and write a few sheets of Hegelian—about that Infinity article in the "Hibbert." There is indeed no better consolation for a troubled mind than the Hegelian exercises; they lift it above—everything. He took off his coat and sat down to this beautiful amusement, but he had scarcely written a page before his thirst became a torment. He kept thinking of that great tumbler Woodenhouse had held—sparkling, golden, cool—and stimulating.

What he wanted was a good stiff whisky and a clear, one of Laxton's clears, the only good thing in his entertainment so far.

And then Philosophy.

Even as a student he had been a worker of the Teutonic type—never abstemious.

He thought of ringing and demanding these com-forts, and then it occurred to him that it was a little late to ring for things. Why not fetch them from the study himself?...

He opened his door and looked out upon the great

staircase. It was a fine piece of work, that staircase. Low, broad, dignified. . . .

There seemed to be nobody about. The lights were

still on. He listened for a little while, and then put on his coat and went with a soft swiftness that was still quite dignified downstairs to the study, the study redolent of Sir Peter.

E MADE his modest collection. Lord Moggeridge came nearer to satisfaction as he emerged from the study that night at Shonts than at any other moment during this ill-advised weekend. In his pocket were four thoroughly good cigars. In one hand he held a cut-glass decanter of whisky. In the other a capacious tumbler. Under his arm, with that confidence in the unlimited portative power of his arm that nothing could shake, he had tucked the siphon. His soul rested upon the edge of tranquillity

Bealby

Chapter II In the Secret Chamber

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

like a bird that has escaped the fowler. He was already composing his next sentence about that new variety of Infinity. . . .

Then something struck him from behind and impelled him forward a couple of paces. It was something hairy, something in the nature, he thought afterward, of a worn broom. And also there were two other things softer and a little higher on each side.

Then it was he made that noise like the young of some large animal.

He dropped the glass in a hasty attempt to save

the siphon. . . . "What in the name of Heaven-?" he cried, and found himself alone. "Captain Douglas!"

The thought leaped to his mind.

But indeed it was not Captain Douglas. It was ealby. Bealby in panic flight from Thomas. And how was Bealby to know that this large, richly laden man was the Lord Chancellor of England? Never before had Bealby seen anyone in evening dress except a butler, and so he supposed this was just some larger, finer kind of butler that they kept upstairs. Some larger, finer kind of butler blocking the path of escape. Bealby had taken in the situation with the rapidity of a hunted animal. The massive form blocked the door to the left. .

N THE playground of the village school, Bealby had been preeminent for his dodging; he moved as quickly as a lizard. His little hands, his head, poised with the skill of a practiced butter, came against that mighty back, and then Bealby had dodged

But it seemed to Lord Moggeridge, staggering over his broken glass and circling about defensively, that this fearful indignity could come only from Captain Douglas. Foolery.... Blup, blup.... Sham Pol-tergeist. Imbeciles.... He said as much, believing that this young man

and possibly confederates were within hearing; he said as much—hotly. He went on to remark of an unphilosophical tendency about Captain Douglas generally, and about army officers, practical joking, Lax ton's hospitalities, Shonts. . . . Thomas, you will re-

member, heard him.... Nothing came of it. No answer, not a word of apology. At last in a great dudgeon and with a kind of wariness about his back, the Lord Chancellor, with things more spoiled for him than ever, went on his way

upstairs.

When the green baize door opened behind him, he turned like a shot, and a large foolish-faced butler appeared. Lord Moggeridge with a scepterlike motion of the decanter very quietly and firmly asked him a simple question and then, then the lunatic must needs leap up three stairs and dive suddenly and upsettingly

ORD MOGGERIDGE was paralyzed with amazement. His legs were struck from under him. He uttered one brief topographical cry.

Sir Peter unfortunately it sounded like

For a few seconds the impressions that rushed upon Lord Moggeridge were too rapid for adequate examination. He had a compelling fancy to kill butlers. amination. He had a compening fancy to kill outlers.

Things culminated in a pistol shot. And then he found himself sitting on the landing beside a disgracefully disheveled manservant, and his host was running downstairs to them with a revolver in his hand.

On occasion Lord Moggeridge could produce a tremendous voice. He did so now. For a moment he

stared panting at Sir Peter, and then emphasized by a pointing finger cume the voice. Never had it been charged with emotion.

"What does this mean-you, sir?" he shouted. "What does this mean?"

It was exactly what Sir Peter had intended to say.

Explanations are detestable things. And anyhow it isn't right to address your host as



Throughout the evening the persuasion had grown Lady Laxton's mind that all was not going well with the Lord Chancellor. It was impossible to be-lieve he was enjoying himself. But she did not know how to give things a turn for the better. Clever women would have known, but she was so convinced she was not clever that she did not even try.

Thing after thing had gone wrong.

How was she to know that there were two sorts of philosophy—quite different? She had thought philosophy was philosophy. But it seemed that there were these two sorts, if not more; a round, large sort that talked about the Absolute and was scornfully upperless and such as a stable provided in the control of the cont superior and rather irascible, and a jabby-pointed sort that called people "Tender" or "Tough," and was generally much too familiar. To bring them together was just mixing trouble. There ought to be little books for hostesses explaining these things. . . .

HEN it was extraordinary that the Lord Chancellor, who was so tremendously large and clever, wouldn't go and talk to Mrs. Rampound Pilby, who was also so tremendously large and clever.
Repeatedly Lady Laxton had tried to get them into touch with one another. Until at last the Lord Chancellor had said distinctly and deliberately, when she had suggested his going across to the eminent writer, "God forbid!" Her dream of a large clever duologue that she could afterward recall with pleasure was altogether shattered. She thought the Lord Chancellor uncommonly hard to please. These weren't the only people for him. Why couldn't he chat party secrets people for him. Why couldn't he chat party secrets with Slinker Bond, or say things to Lord Woodenhouse? You could say anything you liked to Lord Woodenhouse. Or talk with Mr. Timbre had given him an excellent opening; she had asked, "Wasn't it a dreadful anxiety always to have the Great Seal to mind?" He had simply grunted.... And then why did he keep on looking so dangerously at Cantain Douglas? at Captain Douglas?

Perhaps to-morrow things would take a turn for the better. . . .

One can at least be hopeful. Even if one is not clever, one can be that...
From such thoughts as these it was that this un-

happy hostess was roused by a sound of smashing glass, a rumpus, and a pistol shot.

She stood up, she laid her hand on her heart, she said: "Oh!" and gripped her dressing table for sup-

After a long time and when it seemed that it was now nothing more than a hubbub of voices, in which her husband's could be distinguished clearly, she crept out very softly upon the upper landing.

THE perceived her cousin, Captain Douglas, looking Sextremely fair and frail and untrustworthy in a much too gorgeous kimono dressing gown of em-broidered Japanese silk. "I can assure you, my lord," he was saying in a strange, high-pitched, deliberate voice, "on my word of honor as a soldier, on-my-word-of-honor-as-a-soldier, that I know absolutely nothing about it."
"Sure it wasn't all imagination, my lord?" Sir Peter asked with his inevitable infelicity. . . .
She decided to lean over the balustrading and ask

very quietly and clearly: "Lord Moggeridge, please! is anything the matter?"

All human beings are egotists, but there is no ego tism to compare with the egotism of the very young.

Bealby was so much the center of his world that he was incapable of any interpretation of this shouting and uproar, this smashing of decanters and firing of pistol shots, except in reference to himself. He supposed it to be a Hue and Cry. He supposed that he was being hunted—hunted by a pack of great but-lers hounded on by the irreparably injured Thomas. The thought of upstairs gentlefolks passed quite out of his mind. He snatched up a faked Syrian dagger that lay in the capacity of a paper knife on the study table, concealed himself under the chintz valance of sofa, adjusted its rumpled skirts neatly, and awaited the issue of events.

OR a time events did not issue. They remained talking noisily upon the great staircase. Bealby could not hear what was said, but most of what as said appeared to be flat contradiction.

"Perchance," whispered Bealby to himself, gather-

ing courage, "perchance we have eluded them. breathing space. . .

At last a woman's voice mingled with the others and

seemed a little to assuage them. . . .

Then it seemed to Bealby that they were dispersing to beat the house for him. "Good night again then.'

puzzled That him, but he decided it was a "blind." He remained very,

very still. He heard a clicking in the apartment — the blue parlor it was called -between the study and the dining room. Electric light?

HEN some one came into the Bealby study. eye was as close to the ground as he could get it. He was breathless, he moved his head with an immense circumspection. The valance was trans-lucent, but not transparent, below it there was a crack of vision, a strip of carpet, the casters of chairs. Among these things he per ankles, it did not go

up to that, but just feet. Large, flattish feet. A pair. They stood still, and Bealby's hand lighted on the hilt of his dagger.

The person above the feet seemed to be surveying

the room—or reflecting.
"Drunk! . . . Old fool's either drunk or mad!
That's about the truth of it," said a voice.

Mergieson! Angry, but parroty and unmistakable. The feet went across to the table and there were faint sounds of refreshment, discreetly administered.

Then the feet went to the passage door, halted in the doorway. There was a double click. The lights went out. Bealby was in absolute darkness.

Then a distant door closed and silence followed upon

Mr. Mergleson descended to the pantry, ablaze with curiosity

'The Lord Chancellor's going dotty," said Mr. Mergleson, replying to the inevitable question. "That's

what's up?"...
"I tried to save the blessed slphon," said Mr.
Mergleson, pursuing his narrative, "and 'e sprang on
me like a leppard. I suppose 'e thought I wanted to
take it away from 'im. 'E'd broke a glass already. Oue-I don't know. There it was, lying on the land-

ing. . . ."
"'Ere's where 'e bit my 'and," said Mr. Mergleson. . . .

CURIOUS little side issue occurred to Thomas A "Where's young Kicker all this time?" he asked.
"Lord!" said Mr. Mergleson, "all them other
things; they clean drove 'Im out of my 'ed. I suppose 's up there, hiding somewhere. . . ."

He paused. His eye consulted the eye of Thou

'E's got be'ind a curtain or something," said Mr. Mergleson. . . .

"Queer where 'e can 'ave got to," said Mr. Mergle-

"Can't be bothered about 'im." said Mr. Mergle "Can't be bothered about 'm," said Mr. Mergieson.
"I expect he'll sneak down to 'is room when things are quiet," said Thomas, after reflection.
"No good going and looking for 'lm now," said Mr. Mergieson.
"Things upstairs—they got to settle

But in the small hours, Mr. Mergleson awakened and thought of Bealby and wondered whether he was in bed. This became so great an uneasiness that about the hour of dawn he got up and went along the passage to Bealby's compartment. Bealby was not there and his bed had not been slept in.

That sinister sense of gathering misfortunes which

comes to all of us at times in the small hours was so strong in the mind of Mr. Mergleson that he went on and told Thomas of this disconcerting fact. Thomas woke with difficulty and rather crossly, but sat up at last, alive to the gravity of Mr. Mergleson's mood.
"If 'e's found hiding about upstairs after all this

upset," said Mr. Mergieson, and left the rest of the ntence to a sympathetic imagination.
"Now it's light," said Mr. Mergleson after a slight

That made his heart beat fast for a time. groping on past it, he found in the darkness what few people could have found in the day—the stud that released the panel that hid the opening of the way that led to the priest hole. He felt the thing open, and halted perplexed. In that corner there wasn't and halted perplexed. In that corner there wasn't a ray of light. For a long time he was trying to think what this opening could be, and then he concluded it was some sort of backway from downstairs. . . . Well, anyhow, it was all exploring. With an extreme gingerliness he got himself through the panel. closed it almost completely behind him.

CAREFUL investigation brought him to the view that he was in a narrow passage of brick or stone that came in a score of paces to a spiral staircase going both up and down, and presently breathed cool night Up this he air and had a glimpse of stars through a narrow slitlike window almost blocked by ivy. Then—what was very disagree-

able—something scampered.

When Bealby's heart recovered he went on up again.

He came to the priest hole, a capacious cell six feet square with a bench bed and a little table and

chair. It had a small door upon the stairs that was open and a niche cupboard. Here he remained for a time. Then restlessness made him explore a cramped passage-he had to crawl along it for some yards — that came presently into a curious space with wood on one side and stone on the other. Then ahead, most blessed thing! he saw light.

H E WENT brun-dering toward it and then appalled. E WENT blunopped appalled. rom the other side of this wooden wall to the right of him had come a voice.

"Come in!" said the voice. A rich masculine voice that seemed scarcely two yards away.

Bealby became rigid. Then after a long interval moved - as softly as he could.

The voice soliloquized.

Bealby intently, and then

when all was still again, crept forward two paces more toward the gleam. It was a peephole.

The unseen speaker was walking about. Bealby listened, and the sound of his beating heart mingled with the pad, pad, of slippered footsteps. Then with a brilliant effort his eye was at the chink. All was still again. For a time he was perplexed by what he saw, a large, pink, shining dome, against a deep greenish-gray background. At the base of the dome was a kind of interrupted hedge, brown and leafless. . . .

Then he realized that he was looking at the top of head and two enormous eyebrows. The rest was hidden.

hidden. . . .

Nature surprised Bealby into a penetrating sniff.

"Now," said the occupant of the room, and suddenly
he was standing up—Bealby saw a long hairy neck
sticking out of a dressing gown—and walking to the
side of the room. "I won't 'stand it." said the great
voice, "I won't stand it. Ape's foolery!"

Then the Lord Chancellor began rapping at the
paneling about his apartment.

paneling about his apartment.

"Hollow! It all sounds hollow."

ONLY after a long interval did he resume his writing. . . .
All night long that rat behind the wainscot

troubled the Lord Chancellor. Whenever he spoke, whenever he moved about it was still; whenever he composed himself to write it began to rustle and blunder. Again and again it sniffed—an annoying kind of sniff. At last the Lord Chancellor gave up his philosophical relaxation and went to bed, turned out the lights and attempted sleep, but this only intensified his corrections. fied his sense of air uneasy, sniffing presence close to him. When the light was out it seemed to him that this Thing, whatever it was, instantly came into the room and set the floor creaking and snapping. A Thing perpetually (Concluded on page 34)



He sat up astonished and stared at her white face, its pallor exaggerated by the cold light of dawn. "Peter," said, "I'm sure there's something more going on"

pause, "I think we better just go round and 'ave a

look for 'im. Both of us."

So Thomas clad himself provisionally, and the two manservants went upstairs very softly and began a series of furtive sweeping movements—very much in the spirit of Lord Kitchener's historical sweeping movements in the Transvaal—through the stately old rooms in which Bealby must be lurking. . . .

Man is the most restless of animals. There is an incessant urgency in his nature. He never knows when he is well off. And so it was that Bealby's comparative security under the sofa became presently too irksome to be endured. He seemed to himself to stay there for ages, but, as a matter of fact, he stayed there only twenty minutes. Then with eyes tempered to the darkness, he first struck out an alert, attentive head, then crept out and remained for the space of half a minute on all fours surveying the indistinct blacknesses about him.

Then he knelt up. Then he stood up. Then with arms extended and cautious steps he began an ex-

ploration of the apartment.

The passion for exploration grows with what it feeds upon. Presently Bealby was feeling his way into the blue parlor and then round by its shuttered and curtained windows to the dining room. His head was now full of the idea of some shelter, more permanent, less pervious to housemaids than that sofa. He knew enough now of domestic routine to know that upstairs in the early morning was much routed by housemaids. He found many perplexing turns and corners, and finally got into the dining-room fireplace where it was very dark and kicked against some fire



The Passing of the Prairie

Chapter IV of "A Son of the Middle Border"

S SOON as the soil was ready for the har-row, Lincoln was given a team and

A Personal History - By Hamlin Garland

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

went forth upon the plowed fields, taking a man's place with the "drag" as he had done with the plow

place with the "drag" as he had done with the plow in the previous autumn. "I was so lame at the end of my first day that I could scarcely crawl home to supper," he writes, "and it seemed that I would not be able to go on the next day—but I did."

There was something military in the way Duncan employed his sons, and yet his orders were neither unreasonable nor unsympathetic. His own boy life had been task-filled. Labor with him was a part of life, even of child life. Besides, the country was new and helpers scarce. Every hand counted in these conditions. There is this advantage in child labor on a farm—

There is this advantage in child labor on a farmair and sunshine are abundant and food is whole-some. Lincoln admits that he never suffered for lack of any essentials, and mingled with his memories of spring's work are exquisite moments of joy in the landscape, in the notes of birds, and in the play of small animals on the sunny soil. "Father whe interpolates. "It was all good discipline. "Father was right."

There were no 'passenger' pigeons on the prairie, t enormous flocks of ducks were moving northward. alighting in the fields at evening to find food. They came in countless numbers. At times the sky was darkened with them. Often they covered the ground like some strange down-dropping storm from the sky, and when alarmed rose with a roar like distant thunder. Some of these flocks were so extended that those in the front rank were lost in the northern sky, while those in the rear were dim specks beneath the southern sun. We were always trying to shoot some of them, but never succeeded, so wary were they. Many brant and geese also passed, and it was always a keen pleasure to watch these noble birds pushing their way boldly into the north. We could imitate their cries, and we took delight in causing the leader to turn and waver in his flight.
"The sand-hill crane followed the

surely, in stately looping circles, and often of a warm day in seeding I echoed his imperious cry as, far in the azure dome, he floated, so high, so close to the sun, that my eyes could not follow his solitary, ease-ful sovereign flight. He was the herald of corn-plant-His bugle note will forever remain asso ciated in my mind with mellow earth, springing grass, and cloudless skies.

and cloudless skies.

"As my team moved to and fro on the field, sparrows rose in countless thousands, flinging themselves
against the sky like grains of wheat from out a
sower's hand. Their chatter fell from the air like
the voices of spirits invisible and multitudinous.
Flocks of 'prairie pigeons' swooped over the swells
on sounding wing, so close to the ground they seemed
like manstrous air borne servents, and the braye little like monstrous air-borne serpents, and the brave little lark whistled as if to cheer my lonely toil."

Back and forth across the wide field the lad drove, while the sun crawled up high and higher in the sky. He was hungry by half past nine o'clock, and famished at eleven. Thereafter the sun appeared to stand still. His small body caved in. His knees trembled with weakness, but at last the white flag fluttering from the chamber window announced the midday meal, and with strength miraculously renewed, he shouted to the hired hand, unhitched his team with eager haste, clambered upon his nigh horse, and rode to the barn. "Oh, it was good to enter the kitchen, sweet with fresh biscuit and hot coffee! We all ate like dragons, devouring potatoes and sait pork without end till mother mildly remarked: 'For the land's sake, don't "founder" yourselves!

"After such a meal we were all torpid as gorged takes. Luckily we had half an hour in which to get our courage back. And, besides, there was the stirring power of father's clarion call. His energy appeared superhuman to us. He saw everything. seemed never to sleep, and never hesitated. Long before the nooning was up (so it seemed) he began: "Time's up, boys. Grab a root!"
"As I hobbled to the barn," explains Lincoln, "the

sinews of my legs seemed shortened. My knees were bent like an old man's. But once in the field I felt bet-ter. A subtle change, a mellower charm, had come over the earth. The ground was warmer, the sky more genial. and the wind more amiable, and before I had made my first round my legs were serviceable once more

MID AFTERNOON the tendency to sit and dream BY MID AFTERNOON the tendency to sit and dream the hours away was strong, and he often laid his tired body down in the tawny sunlit grass at the back of the field, behind a hedge of hazel bushes and gazed up at the beautiful clouds sailing by, wish nothing else to do but drift above the hose airy ships. The wind whispered in world like those airy ships. world like those any sinjes. The wind winspered in the tall weeds and sighed to the budding briers. The grass blades touched one another in the passing breeze, and the gophers, glad of escape from the darkness underground, piped a cheery greeting from their dens.

So, day by day, as he walked his monotonous rounds upon the ever-mellowing soil, the boy saw the geese pass on to the north and the green grass come into the sunny slopes. He answered the splendid challenge of the solitary crane and watched the ground sparrow build her lowly nest. His muscles grew firm at last, and walking tired him hardly at all. Each day the earth waxed more gracious and the clouds more summerlike. The wild chickens began to mate and seek solitary homes in the grassy swales. The pocket gopher commenced to throw up his fresh purple-brown Larks, bluebirds, and kingbirds followed the robins, and at last the full tide of spring was sweeping northward over the prairie.

"Meanwhile our own new unbroken farm was calling to my father for attention," says Lincoln, "and no sooner was the planting finished on the rented farm than we all entered upon the work of fencing and breaking the sod of the homestead which lay like a wilding garden under the June sun. In this work, we had the cooperation of Uncle David, who seems to have left the coulée country of Wisconsin soon after our own departure. At any rate, he was at hand and, with four horses hitched to a broad-shared plow, joined in overturning the primeval sward whereon we were to plant and reap for many years to come. All about us other men were engaged in the same assault.

"It all seemed sad business as the tender grass and springing flowers bent before the sweeping beam, and yet there was something large-gestured and manly in the motion. I shared father's pleasure in the smooth, shining, almost unbroken ribbon of jet-black sod which rose and rolled away from the moldboard and tucked itself down into the furrow behind the growling share; but a full-grown man was required as guide when this giant plow went ripping and snarling through the thickets of hazel bushes—and sometimes my father was called upon to weight the beam and hold the colter to its job while Uncle David braced his great arms to the shock and the rses strained at their traces.
'Around us, on the swells, gophers whistled, the

nesting plover quaveringly called, the blackbirds clucked in the furrow, and the gray-bearded badger watched with jealous eye the share's steady progres toward his knoll. The weather was perfect June. Big, fleecy clouds sailed from west to east, and the wind was soft and kind. Many rattlesnakes (massa-saugas) were in the meadows, and prairie wolves in-habited the groves and meadows. But as all about us other inexorable plowmen rolled the grass and coverts under, all these wild things were swept away.

"At last the whole one hundred and sixty acres of our new farm was upturned, black, to the sun. The sod that had bloomed for millions of years (waiting for man) now lay torn and ravaged, and the wild plants, the flowers, the fruits, the insects, all the swarming life that had been native to it for centuries, was utterly destroyed. It was sad, and yet it was not all loss, for out of it the green wheat would surely rise.

EANWHILE, on a sunny swell near the road, Neighbor Gardner and John Bowers were building the Stewarts' new home. It did not in the least resemble the beginning of an everlasting family seat, but it satisfied the wife and mother at the time. It had the usual three rooms below and a long garret above, and as it stood bare to the blizzards and cy-

clones, Duncan took the precaution of lining it with bricks to hold it down

Lincoln says of it: "It was as good as m the dwellings roundabout, but it was very primitive at best, almost as devoid of grace as the schoolhouse. Its walls were of plaster, its floor of rough pine, and its furniture scanty and worn. A few chromos hung on the wall together with a few prints cut from illustrated papers, but for the most part it remained

unadorned. It was home by reason of my mother's brave and cheery presence, and it was attractive because it was filled with unadorned. the prattle of little Jennie, with whom it was always spring.

N THE autumn that followed his eleventh birthday, Lincoln plowed for seventy days, overturning nearly one hundred and fifty acres of stubble. He had become one of the regular hands. In October Duncan moved into his own home and David took his place on the rented farm

Lincoln's world was still small and badly lighted. "We were bounded on the north by the prairies reaching to the Arctic Ocean; on the west by Indians and buffaloes; on the south by Chicago, and on the east by Wisconsin and New England. A luminous trail led from Neshonoc to Osage. All else was still vague and vast as Vasco

The winter which followed was pitile and as the new cabin had no tree to shel-ter it from the blast, the snow piled around it in great drifts. All through January the cold pinched hard, and the winds taught these woods people once and for all the bleakness of the level lands of the North. Lincoln remarks upon this: "We had heard of 'blizzards,' of course, but had never experienced such a storm as came in February. It lasted for two days, and the wind, moving eighty miles an hour, made life in the open almost impossible. The strongest man could not face it unprotected, and a boy of eleven was helpless in If I opened my mouth the blast drew the air from my lungs, filling me with a smothering sense of weakness. We hardly stirred from the house during forty-eight hours, and I have the most vivid recollec tion of the morning after the tempest had spent its force, for I went to school over drifts as high as the fences and as hard as iron."

HE schoolhouse now stood at the corner of the Stewart farm, less than half a mile to the north, but on mornings (in the days which foilowed) the children found it quite far enough. Climbing over the ridges and wallowing through the loose snow to their knees, battling with the frost like small, brave animals, they often arrived at the door moaning with pain, their toes frozen, their lungs seared by the frost. And yet they went, even on the coldest days, because they loved the companionship of the school-room and hated the loneliness of the home in which their mother tolled uncomplain-

in which their mother tolled uncomplain-ingly. Hester accompanied them and seemed not to fear the wind. "She was two years older than I," says Lincoln, "and strong and vigorous. Perhaps she did not suffer as much as Owen did. I hope not."

The result of all this exposure was an intolerable pest of chilblains. Every boy and girl in the school was more or less in agony with it. Residents of warm climates will never understand what it means to suffer in this way. "This affliction was sometimes alluded to by our elders as a joke, but it was not a joke to us. On the contrary, it was a condition alluded to by our elders as a joke, but it was not a joke to us. On the contrary, it was a condition which demanded sympathy. After getting thoroughly warmed up (along about the middle of the forenoon) there came into our heels and toes a most intense itching and burning and aching, a sensation so acute that sitting still was impossible, and all over the room would arise an uneasy shuffling and drumming as we pounded our heels against the floor or scraped our itching toes against the edges of our desks.

N DAYS when the winds beat and clamored at the loose north windows the girls, humped and shivering, sat upon their feet with their shawls over their shoulders, to keep from freezing, and the whole hool sought permission to stand about the fire.
'On such days we found our dinner pails (stored

in the entryway) frozen solld, and at noon we all stood around the stove thawing out our mince pies and apples and bread and butter. I recall, vividly, gnawing at the mollified outside of a doughnut while still the frosty heart of it made my teeth ache.

"Happily all days were not like this. There were ternoons when the sun streamed warm into the

om, when the icicles formed on the eaves, adding a touch of grace, of wonder, to the desolate building—moments when the tingling of the sleigh bells passing by seemed to express the natural cheer and buoyancy of our youthful hearts." These were rigorous experiences. Perhaps they made the strong rigorous experiences. Pernaps they made the strong stronger; certainly they were calculated to assas-sinate the delicate. "At least two of the girls," Lincoln declares, "died as a result of the exposure."



In the autumn that followed his eleventh birthday, Lincoln plowed for seventy days, over-rning nearly one hundred and fifty acres of stubble

Nevertheless there was a wild charm in the winwas unknown, but the south seemed very civilized, for in that direction stood the county seat, toward which the children turned with a touch of wonder. When the wind was in the south it seemed that life was easier to sustain. At such times we straightened up, threw back the lapels of our jackets and smiled, feeling less keenly the warfare of the polar blast.'

HESE would have been lonely days for Belle Stewart had it not been for Jennie, for Duncan was busily hauling wood from the Cedar River, some six or seven miles away, and the almost income ournful piping of the wind was not the most inspiriting of sounds.

Occasionally Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Gardner, or some other neighbor would come in of an afternoon, but generally she and Jennie were alone till the children

me home at half past four.
"In some way, I don't know how," remarks Linoln, "we had acquired a Prince melodeon (I wish knew where to find it now), and my sister Hester had learned to play a few simple songs and marches on it, so that our friends occasionally came in of an evening to hear us sing, and the fame of mother's voice spread. At church, at singing school, her clear soprano rose above all the others like the voice of

e splendid, great bird. Fred Gellert, the teacher at the singing school, declared she had the voice of a prima donna—whatever that meant—at the time. Fred was a small man with a large beard, and led the school with a tuning fork and a violin; and there were times when the bleak little box vibrated with choruses and part songs that were almost jocund. We always went, even when the thermometer was twenty below zero, and not infrequently Owen and

I took long walks to visit our boy friends when it was thirty below zero. "Meanwhile Hester and I continued to

comb the neighborhood for books. ing escaped us. Anything in print received our most avid consideration. 'The Scottish Chiefs' brought both anguish and delight to me. As I wallowed in the blood and tears of that volume, I beat the As I wallowed in the floor with my fists in a frenzy of hate against those who siew William Wallace; but I read and reread 'Ivanhoe' with never-failing, exalted delight. I also borrowed armfuls of weekly story papers and continued my studies of "The Quaker Sleuth.' I do not think a single magazine, not even 'Peterson's,' came to Dry Run Prairie, but several of our neighbors took the Toledo 'Blade' and the 'Tribune' mainly for the sake of reading after Hor-ace Greeley and P. V. Nasby. Greeley was our sage—Na morist at the time. -Nasby our universal hu-

"All things, even an Iowa winter, have an end, and at last the frost's legions began to retreat. The sun rose higher. The snowdrifts sank. Again the prairie cock sounded the opening note of spring's symphonic song. Again we saw the wild fowl stream across the sky and heard the whistle of their wings; their far honking in the night was music in our ears. Again we went forth upon the land (this time the soil was our own) and wrestled with the tough and rooty clods from dawn to dusk, while all about us the larks and plovers called, and the few remaining gray old badgers looked upon us from their ravaged hills with tragic disapproval.'

T WAS not all drudgery, however, for the tracts of unbroken sod which still lay open were used as common grazing ground, and as soon as the grass began to spring from the fire-blackened sod in April the colts and calves of all the neighboring farms left the straw piles (under whos lee they had fed during the winter) an and crawled out to forage on the open. They were still "free commoners" in the eyes of the law.

"The colts were a fuzzy, ugly-looking lot this time. Even the best of them had at this time. Even the best of them had long hair and dirty and tangled manes, but as the grazing improved and the warmth and plenty of spring filled them with new blood they sloughed off their mangy coats of hair and lifted their wide-blown nostrils to the western wind in glorious freedom. Many of them had never felt the weight of a man's hand, and even those that had wintered in and around the sale and all trace of domesticity after a few days' all trace of domesticity after a few days'

life on the springing grass. It was not unusual to find that the wildest and wariest of all the herd bore a collar mark or some other ineffaceable

badge of previous servitude.

"They were for the most part Morgan grades or 'Canuck,' with a strain of broncho to give them fire. It was curious, it was splendid, to see how certain deep-buried instincts broke out in these halterless herds. In a few days, after many trials of speed and power, the bands united into droves, each with a leader, the swiftest and most tireless of them all, who appeared from the ranks and led them at will. Often without apparent cause, merely for the joy of it, a platoon would leave its feeding grounds to wheel and charge and race for hours over the swells, across the creeks, and through the hazel thickets. Sometimes these movements arose from the stinging of gadfiles, sometimes from a battle between two jealous leaders, sometimes from the passing of a wolf-often from no cause at all other than that of sheer vitality and joy of life."

N MUCH the same way, but less rapidly, the cattle went forth upon the plain. Each family herd not only contained the growing steers, but the family cows, and it was the duty of one boy from each family to mount a horse every afternoon and "hunt the cattle," a task that was never shirked.
"Hester and I took turn and turn about at this

delightful duty. Thus she as well as Owen and I learned to ride like a Comanche. We all lived in the saddle when free from other demands. Burt Beebe often met us on the feeding (Continued on page 31)

Gamblers' Wives

UDDIE SPARKS put a fifty-dollar bill in his wife's purse. He had twenty and some silver in his pocket. That "let him out" in the money line. That was why Molly and the baby were going home, or rather to her mother's home, the first thing Monday morning, unless this day would give Buddie a break in the luck. And this was Saturday.

He had had runs of bad luck before, but he had al-ways pulled out some way. And Molly was leaving him for the first time since they were married. And some how he felt that the faint hint of reproach in the great blue eyes looking wistfully up at him was justified. Had she not besought him to go into "some business" on other days when, to use his own vernacular, he had been "flush"? And he knew Molly dreaded to endure her mother's "I told you so." How her mother hated gam-blers! He always grinned with huge

satisfaction when he recalled how hard Molly's mother had sought to work her influence in favor of the "rising young business men" back home, as against himself, in the matter of Molly's affections. But he knew the history of Molly's mother and couldn't find it in his heart to blame her much.

UT, after all, things weren't so bad. His friend Harvey ran the poker game at the Iroquois Club and he knew he was good for Club and he knew he was good for a little stake money there. He could beat some of these poker games here at the Springs without any luck at all or without "doing" anything, but he was about seven thousand dollars loser at the "Tiger." There was the rub.

And over in Louisville was a big, wherever leveling long limbed colf.

awkward-looking, long-limbed colt, a "rank outsider," which, according to a telegram in Buddie's pocket from its owner, was already home in the Derby which was to be run on Monday.

"Track muddy," ran the dispatch.
"Eats up mud, but favorite going is a heavy track. Indications pointing to one made to his order on Monday, in which case race mere formality as far as winner con-cerned. Treat yourself nice and wire me how much you want.

Hot tips, they say, are what the bookies live on, but Buddie smiled confidently when he read this one. He knew from experience that Old Bob Allison's tips were always in the money, and almost always took first money. And he made a mental reservation. He would play it across with the most money on

place and show. These paris mutuels often paid big-ger odds on place and show money than on the winner. He looked down at Molly, poor little soft Molly, the

baby in her round, white arms; he listened to them coo back and forth at each other, and in a happy moment he consoled himself in the thought that if Molly did go away Monday morning he would probably send for her on Tuesday. And he would keep her with him then. And the first big money he made he would settle down and give her a home. It came to him suddenly. That was what she wanted, of course; not this flitting about from place to place and always

E BEGAN to feel that he hadn't been quite fair to her. He bent over her and whispered in boyish confidence: "Don't you worry, honey; I'll pull out. And Molly gave a tender little laugh and replied with that air of confidence in him that always made her adorable to Buddie: "Well, see that you do, then." Buddie played a hunch and bet his last ten on

case ten to win. However, he should have coppered it, the turn proved. With a mental "So much for hunches," he sank into one of the big, soft leather chairs in the richly appointed Iroquois Club just in time to loll back and note the entrance of Tom Brannon, proprietor of the place. Tall, straight, gray, almost white-haired, with a youngish, rather cold face, it seemed to those who knew him that life passed completely over the man's head. With a slight nod to Buddie and a few others he opened a door and entered a little alcove room, his own private office, without giving the slightest notice whatever to the run of the different games. It was said that he had one morning opened up this house, after a disastrous run of hard luck during which he had lost thousands and thousands, with ex-

By Edward Sanford

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

actly \$225 in the "bank roll." He had taken his usual daily drive, and returned in mid-afternoon to find an unusual crowd about the faro bank, to which he gave not the slightest heed until he had partaken of his luncheon, which he had served in his private office, as

Afterward he had displayed his usual indifference to the whims of the Goddess of Chance, sauntering over to the faro layout at infrequent intervals and watching the play for a few moments only. But that night the house booked a winning of \$30,000 from a New York

He looked down at Molly, poor little soft Molly, the baby in her round, white arms; he listened to them coo back and forth at each other

The long-looked-for break in the luck had come. Brannon placed competent, reliable men about him—men whom he seemed to know better than they knew themselves. When he occasionally strolled about the place the dealers, not the play, were under close surveillance. He never watched the run of the luck of the different games. The checking up at closing time told that tale to Brannon. But under the close scrutiny, the burning gaze of those eagle eyes, the most insignificant action or characteristic might direct suspicion toward a thieving dealer. Once suspected, a dealer was placed under close watch by the door man, which ended only when he was either "caught with the goods," or was found, after a reasonable length of time, to be honest. Needless to say, Brannon made few mistakes. He paid highly for men of sufficient affability and competence to measure up to his standard, and he seldom found occasion to discharge a man for dishonesty.

UDDIE'S mind took a curlous turn. He wondered Bif this man Brannon had ever had a wife and baby—if he had ever gone broke. Did nothing matter to the man? Had he discovered some great secret or hoax in life? Or was this cold exterior, this supreme indifference that was almost contempt, but the gambler's mask beneath which the ordinary human emotions had their realm?

Buddie looked up suddenly to find Brannon's keen gaze fixed upon him. He started, then rose wonderingly as Brannon beckened him to the alcove room. It was a small room, a rich Turkish rug nearly covering its hardwood floor. A small table stood in the center, while a massive roll-top desk and swivel chair at one end of the room, a safe at the other, and a comfortable rocker by the table, completed the furniture. Table, desk, and chairs were of a dark red mahogany.

Buddie took the rocker, Brannon seating himself in the swivel chair at the desk. He bit off the end of a rough-looking stogie, offering one to Buddie that was refused. Lighting up, he leaned back, blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and said mildly: "Have they been beating you, son?"

BUDDIE grinned. "They couldn't beat me any worse with a cooler. I've fed that tiger of yours about \$7,000 without cashing a chip."

Brannon made no comment for a moment, then—
"Pretty little wife and pretty little

baby girl you got there," vantly, addressing the ceiling. irrele

Buddle gave him a curious glance. "Yes," he answered shortly. His mind reverted to a Sunday afternoon up on the esplanade by the Government Hospital. He and Molly and the baby were up there and the baby had wandered off a little way. Brannon, passing by, had picked the tot up in his arms and pinched its cheeks and cuddled it for a moment and deposited something ships in its fat fat. Buddle thing shiny in its fat fist. Buddle remarked to Molly that it was the first sign of life he had ever seen in the man. Bowing gravely, Bran-non had passed on, while the little one, of course, must needs toddle to its mother with its treasure, which proved to be a bright new silver dollar.

"I'm sending them—home—Monday," he continued.

Brannon slowly straightened up and flicked the ash from his stogie. 'Broke?" he asked laconically.

Buddle nodded.
Brannon was feeling in his pockets and brought forth several crumpled bills, no two folded together, along with a lot of silver. which he dumped carelessly on the table. "It's wholly unnecessary to send them home on that account. There's a thousand in this junk here that I'm willing to stake you to. If you don't do any good with that, we'll go further." He was straightening out the bills, and Buddie gasped as he caught sight of the denominations. One was of five hundred and the rest were one hundreds. He felt an admiration for this man who handled money as if it

were actually loathsome. He was a man after Buddie's own heart.

"Now remember," said Brannon, tossing the bills "Now remember," said Brannon, tossing the bills over to him, "if you don't get a break with that, I'll go as far as necessary." He interrupted Buddie's expressions of gratitude. "Never mind that. Just listen to me a while. I want to talk to you." He relit the stogie, which he had allowed to go out, and settled himself back in his seat. He puffed in silence for a moment or two, then asked abruptly: "Ever heard of Cardon Sommers?" Gordon Sommers?

BUDDIE started. "I have heard of him, yes," he answered.

"One summer, down in Fort Worth," Brannon continued, "I met him. I had gone broke around there, and the girl—my wife—was sick, seriously ill. I went about wild-eyed, distracted. I couldn't get hold of any money, and she needed care, expert care, nurses, doctors. I was desperate. Sommers came to me. 'You tors. I was desperate. Sommers came to me. 'You are broke and need money. You can make five hundred dollars easily,' he said. Five hundred dollars! It was a blessing from heaven. It would place my wife where she could get the attention she was so write where she could get the attention she was so critically in need of. And it would give me a stake. My accursed luck must turn some time. 'What do you mean?' I cried. In my maddened brain I almost feared he was mocking me. It seemed that over in Laredo that week there was a fair. There were to be gamecock fights, high poker, and plenty of gambling and

"A bunch of sports were going over from Fort Worth, Sommers was going, and over in this town of Laredo lived a one-time friend, now turned sworn enemy, of Sommers, a man by the name of Bonnor. This man Bonnor, it seems, had a (Continued on page 25)



A Town With a Lid

By Walt Mason

DRAWINGS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

OR six years Kansas has been engaged in dem onstrating that prohibition does prohibit. The antibooze laws have been on the books thirty years, but until six years ago they were enforced spasmodically or in spots. Now and then a governor or an attorney general would rear up and create a loud noise, and a few jointists or bootleggers would be run down and cast into loathsome dungeons, but these little flurries didn't amount to much. The enforcement of the prohibitory law depended largely upon local sentiment. When that sentiment was strongly against saloons in any community, that community depended upon the hydrant for refreshments; if the sentiment favored saloons, John Barleycorn con-

ducted himself in the most brazen and impudent way.

Seven years ago the Kansas towns along the Missouri River all had open saloons. There was no pretense of complying with the law. There were more saloons in Atchison, for instance, than in any highlicense town of equal size, and they were conducted with greater freedom, remaining open until all hours of the night, and being almost free from any sort of official regulation. Sumptuous free lunches were up in these places. Similar conditions prevailed omeral regulation. Sumptious free linenes were set up in these places. Similar conditions prevailed in the mining towns of the State. And when the saloon keepers were so overworked handing out foaming flagons to the proletariat that they suffered under the strain, the druggists came to the rescue with magnifi-cent chivalry. The way the Kansas druggist toiled behind his prescription case seven years ago was a caution to galley slaves.

A Man With Red Hair and a Backbone

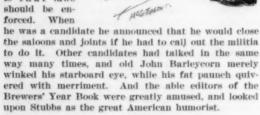
TIS no wonder that the gifted editors of the Brewers' Year Book made fun of prohibition in Kansas. They had splendid op-

Their venerable and favor ite argument that prohibi tion increases the sale of liquor was hard to combat. the way Kansas was behav-

portunities for satire, and

made the most of them

ing herself.
Then Stubbs was elected Governor. Stubbs is a man with red hair and a backbone and a lot of cranky notions. One of these cranky notions is that laws should be When



The Popular Sport of Hunting Bootleggers

STUBBS was elected, and with him an Attorney Gen-Seral who was fond of exercise, and the two of them got busy without wasting an hour. Also, a lot of fanatics got into the Legislature, and they began passing the most drastic laws against booze sellers ever heard of in any civilized country. All branches of the State Government worked together in harmony to the same end, and the pursuit of bootleggers and jointists became as popular in Kansas as fox hunting is in England. Selling booze became the unpardonable

crime, and there was no respite or nepenthe for the man guilty of it. He was chevied across country with a tallyho and a hoopla. The first offense meant a county-jall sentence and a big fine. The second meant a term in the penitentiary.

The saloon doors were closed with such a slam that the hinges broke, and the jointists consulted their family physicians and found that a change of air was necessary to their health. County attorneys and other officials who were inclined to be negligent in the pursuit of booze sellers were summoned to Topeka, and when they returned to their offices they were covered with a cold sweat, and they offended no more. Never before was there such a campaign against booze, and in a few weeks the lid was down. From that day to this Kansas has been a discouragement to the cultured editors of the Brewers Year Book. That annual volume no longer sparkles with jests concerning prohibition in Kansas. The work appears to have lost the spirit of optimism that once made it a favorite fireside companion.

There is no place in Kansas where liquor is openly sold; and if there is an occasional secret joint, the owner is doing business in fear and trembling, and he will go to the penitentiary sooner or

The laws governing drug stores are as drastic as they could be made, and the learned pharmacist has the fear of God in his heart. He no longer sells Peruna or Hostetter's Bitters as a beverage, and he has no tonic of his own compounding that causes the consumer to go forth and try to whip a police-

Now and then a bootlegger embarks in business in a sequestered alley, but before he has succeeded in building up a good family trade the officers get

him. It takes so much time and trouble to get a spirituous drink in Kansas that even the most enthusiastic booze fan will drink from a garden hose rather than make the effort.

Emporia is a town of 10,000 people, including William Allen White. There hasn't been an open saloon in the place in more than twenty years. It is a town of schools and churches, and the sentiment against Barleycorn always has been so strong that even in the free-and-easy days before the advent of Stubbs it never occurred to anybody to open a grog parlor. No booze is sold in Emporia, and even the cork-screw has become obsolete. If a man appears on the main street with a bad

breath, it is safe to assume that he is a stranger and that he will be run in before he is an hour older. Bootleggers now and then attempt to establish an infant industry, but they're always rounded up before they have sold enough to pay the freight on their shipment from Kansas City. No town in the world wears a tighter lid than Emporia. And Emporia should be a bankrupt community if there were truth in the old argument that saloons are nece favorite claim of the sa-

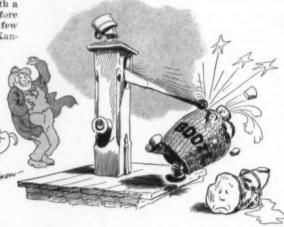
going to the school fund. The answer to this is that Emporia has just built a high school costing \$135,000—which is going some for a town of 10,000 people, including Old Bill White.

FILLED

And all the grade schools are housed in handsome buildings, and the best teachers obtainable are hired, and none of them ever has to sue for his wages.

Disproving the Tax Bugaboo

I:D John Barleycorn says that taxes would be increased immensely if the saloons were abolished, but the taxes in Emporia are not so high for example, in some Nebraska towns of equal size which are blessed with saloons. Emporia has more than twenty miles of beautifully



paved streets, and every year she paves a few more miles; and when she has paving bonds for sale they are snapped up by home citizens.

Several Nebraska towns could be named which, gifted with saloons, have not one-fourth as much

There are no abjectly poor people in Emporia, be-cause none of the money of wage earners goes for

The savings banks and building and loan associa-

tions do a big business for the same reason.

Comfortable homes are being built all the year round

men who work for small wages. Their money goes for lumber and furniture instead of long, cold bottles. The churches are well attended because men wake up on Sunday morning without that dark green taste which makes the idea of devotions

Emporia celebrates the Fourth of July and Groundhog Day and other national holidays and the police have nothing to do. There is no drunkenness, be-cause there is nothing to drink stiffer than pink lemonade

You will see a unicorn as soon as yo drunken man in the streets of the town.

A Clean Young Generation

AND Emporia has reared a generation of young men who don't know what alcohol tastes like, who have never seen the inside of a saloon. Many of them never saw the outside of one. They are the town's best advertisement. They into the world to seek their fortunes They go forth

the handican of an acquired thirst and nearly always distinguish themselves. All her future

generations of young men will be similarly clean, for the town

knows that a tight lid is the greatest possible blessing and nobody will ever dare attempt to pry it



tu

CONTRACTOR DE LA CONTRA

WILSON AND MEXICO

HIS is from the President's interview in the "Saturday Evening Post":

The settled policy of the President in regard to Mexico will be as follows: . . .

to Mexico will be as follows:...

Third—A settlement of the agrarian land question by constitutional means—such as that followed in New Zealand for example—will be insisted on....

"The function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people," he said. "Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out."

And Mr. Herbert Quick, who edits an admirable paper and writes books dealing with the fundamental philosophy of human society, writes us a letter in which he strongly disagrees with our criticisms of Wilson's Mexican policy:

Has it ever occurred to you how simply the Mexican land problem might be solved if a Mexican government, once established, could put into effect the single tax?

If we read the stars rightly we will find President Wilson, if he is permitted to go on in his present course, sooner or later using the army and navy of the United States to introduce into Mexico some kind of reform of land tenure which will be more or less like the single tax. Omitting all discussion of the merit of that system, and admitting all the President's good intentions, isn't there a good deal of irony in this? Can anyone imagine Mr. Wilson, or any other American politician, proposing the single tax as a plank in a political platform for domestic use? To enforce in Mexico, with the army and navy, a system that the Administration wouldn't dream of proposing at home for legislative debate would add a good deal to the gayety of nations.

If

IF MR. WILSON, during the first week of his term, more than a year and three months ago, had announced that he was going to intervene in Mexico with the army and navy in order to introduce a reform of their land laws, would the country have stood for it? If Mr. Wilson had supposed his refusal to recognize Huerta would involve him, more than a year later, in the use of the army and navy to reform the land laws of Mexico, would be have done it?

Mexico and Georgia

WE DON'T know who "Estes Bros. of Gay, Ga.," may be, nor do we know the meaning of this altogether. We take it as we found it in the Atlanta (Ga.) "Journal" on May 8 of this present year. It amuses us to think of it in connection with Mr. Wilson's proposal to give Mexico a dose of get-civilized-quick by external applications:

\$25 REWARD

FOR RETURN of Walter Banks, yellow negro, about twenty-five to twenty-eight years old, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight two hundred forty or fifty pounds, raised at East Point, thick lips and has big eyes. Will pay twenty-five dollars for this negro delivered to Estes Bros., Gay, Ga. (Advt.)

Huerta is an unregenerate old scoun-

drel, but he has often demonstrated his sense of humor. He ought to get a good deal of grim amusement out of this if he knows the relation of the Democratic party to Georgia.

Huerta and Villa

HE Columbia (S. C.) "State" is more fair than most of the newspapers that differ with us about Wilson and Mexico. They don't accuse us-as most do-of defending Huerta. Enough information has come out of Mexico to form a fairly accurate idea of both Huerta and Villa. We don't like Huerta's morals, but as between him and Villa, Huerta is at least an agency of order and Villa is an irresponsible bandit. Huerta had the advantage of seven years' education in a very good college for engineers. Of his capacity, aside from his morals, there can be no question. There is not a foreign office in the world but knows that Huerta has beaten Wilson and Bryan at every turn of the game. The "State" says:

The United States is not concerned with Villa's "past." The United States will not underwrite the character of any Mexican who may succeed Huerta. If the Mexicans shall prefer a rogue to an honest man as their executive, it will be unfortunate and regrettable, but it will not be the fault of the United States or the Wilson administration. Comparison of the vices and virtues of the Huertas and Villas is foreign to the present issue.

That is just what we believe, and our main protest is that Wilson did exactly this thing—did choose between Huerta and Villa, and chose between them at a time when Huerta had possession of the Government and Villa was a mere looting bandit.

Two of a Kind

A GOOD many of our resentful letter writers cry out that Huerta is tied up with the English oil interests. Maybe. But that cuts very little ice with us. For we must ask our critics to admit that we are nearer the ground than they. On this point Huerta and those who dominate the revolutionists are two of a kind. We know all about the connection between the rebel junta at Washington and certain American oil interests. We know, for example, how Carranza was persuaded to save Wilson's face by withdrawing his protest against the American occupation of Vera Cruz, and who persuaded hima withdrawal which was made for the sake of appearances only. It will all come out some day, and when it does the Administration will be more than a little chagrined. Not that the Administration has any connection with the oil interests which expect to profit by the success of the rebels. Not at all. But this is just the kind of embarrassing situation the Administration was destined to find itself in from the day it made the first mistake.

Silence or Discussion

M^{R.} JOHN V. CRAVEN of West Chester, Pa., writes:

I think you have gone a long way out of your usual straight line in making this cutting criticism of President Wilson. The President

has had one of the most trying positions any man ever had to fill. And he being a sensitive man, it does not become a so-called National Weekly to give him another shot from the rear.

The tone of a good many criticisms is fairly illustrated by this from Mr. F. J. Smith of 10838 Deering Avenue, Cleveland:

Mr. Wilson rightfully has refused to take you and others like you into his confidence as to his policy in the Mexican situation, and other newspapers having some respect for his office and themselves have publicly announced their intention of withholding criticism until they do know the facts.

We can't see this. It is true, Wilson is in a difficult hole, but we can't see that patriotism calls for silence about it. If it were a case of foreign war with a menacing power, that would be a different matter. A good many newspapers and public men kept silent a year ago when the first blunders were being made, because they feared that Wilson's important domestic program of tariff and currency reform might be impeded by public criticism of his foreign policy. A good many public men, although they are appalled by what they see ahead of us, think it best to continue silent. We think otherwise. Mr. Wilson has had a year of immunity. Twice he asked Congress to give him his own way without asking questions. Twice Congress did it. To us the net results don't seem happy. think our Mexican situation would be bettered by the aeration and sanitation of frank discussion. The better side of the case is well stated by the Grand Rapids (Mich.) "Herald":

Wilson has asked one hundred million people to take his policies on faith—to follow, without question—to let one individual think, speak, and act for the nation. Therein lies the root of some of his difficulties. Citizens have a right to their own opinions. They have a right to their decent expression. In crises, all opinions give way to National Unity. But those who must bear the burden when crises come are entitled to decently speak their mind when policies are being moided that may either prevent or precipitate these crises. . . .

If a President could claim immunity from all critical disagreement and from all domestic opposition by merely failing to keep his country out of martial difficulty, the world peace movement would have a most serious setheck

ment would have a most serious setback....

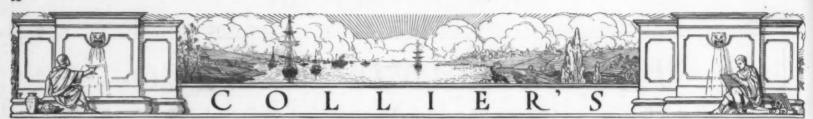
But to attempt muzzling free and decent discussion of Presidential Policy at such an hour would be the most vicious "partisan capital making" we could imagine.

In the same way the Milwaukee "Free Press":

If our memory serves us, there has been a great deal of informed criticism of the Administration's Mexican policy by men in a position to know, criticism that has not received the slightest consideration from the President even when expressed by the ablest members of his cabinet.

We quite agree that from the day Mr. Wilson made his first mistake in thinking that General Huerta could be bluffed out of the game, he has been "at the mercy of events," that his whole course since then has been "a tragedy of errors." But we do not agree that the blame for all this can be lodged anywhere else than with the President himself and his Secretary of State. It is true, however, that the familiar appeal to "hold up the President's hands" in an international trouble has led the public into a patient and uninformed acceptance of the course of events, satisfied so long as they did not promise war. At the same time, party loyalty has held the Democratic press and the Democratic congressman in line.

B



Costly Inefficiency

THE MOST ABLE AND LOYAL newspaper supporter the Democratic Administration has is the New York "World." These words from it, as every observer knows, are an understatement of the facts:

The confused mass of antitrust legislation rushed through the House at Washington represents neither the matured nor the independent judgment of a majority of that body. Practically all of these bills have undergone repeated and radical changes and were undergoing further radical change when they were hurried to a vote.

They have been shouldered over onto the Senate as a bungled job to be finished by that body or passed on to the courts. It is not the first time that the House has dodged its duties and abdicated its functions in important legislation, but the discredit is none the less for that.

The conclusion is obvious, Congress should clean up its necessary business

and go home.

But isn't there another conclusion? What would the "World" answer to a voter who should ask it for guidance as to whether, next November, he ought to vote to return the Democratic Lower House to power? That issue, Democrat or anti-Democrat, is going to be the only one at the polls next November. To be sure, it isn't the Democrats alone who voted for the unintelligent antitrust legislation. "World's" term, "confused mass," is very mild.) Most of the Republicans, and Progressives also, hurried to get on record in favor of it. But it is the Democrats who control the House, and they are responsible. The real trouble is the low average tone of intelligence and responsibility throughout the House. A close observer at Washington could probably pick fifty men who have the stature and conscience of lawmakers. The rest are, for the most part, merely men who regard \$7,500 a year as a good job, to be held on to at any cost of public good or personal self-respect. They passed the antitrust bills and the prolabor legislation merely to be able to go home and whoop it up on the stump. They passed the worst porkbarrel bill in the history of Congress for the purpose of buying their way to reelection with the public money. (The Democrats, who came in with economy as a watchword, are responsible for that Does the "World" think the Democratic Lower House has justified the confidence of those of us who hailed it with so much hope? Would the "World" advise a man at the Congressional elections this fall to vote Democrat or anti-Democrat?

Tariffs and Trade Balances

REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREY of Washington belongs to the buzzard wing of the Republican party. Mr. HUMPHREY is the one, you know, who says President Wilson costs the nation \$1,000,000 a day-or is it an hour? The one statement is about as true as the other. Here is another sample of his March-hare figuring:

Last April the balance of trade against us was \$10,000,000, the first time it has been against us since the old Gorman-Wilson law went off the statute books. That must mean 1897. Well, there was no yearly balance of trade against the United States under that tariff, and since then, under a Republican high tariff, the three summer months of 1909 gave an adverse trade balance of almost \$18,000,000. The New York "World" is authority for other adverse balances under the Republican protective-tariff system: February, 1910, \$4,300,000; March, 1910, \$19,200,000; April, 1910, nearly \$1,000,000; July, 1910, three times that; August, 1910, \$3,500,000. The question that interests us at the present moment is this: Does Mr. HUMPHREY know better or is ignorance an insufficient excuse for an abusive Congressman even when he happens to be a Republican?

Room at the Top

OF THE 170 ranking officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, 163 (including the president) started at the bottom, sweeping out cars, carrying water for laborers, working on the right of way, and other like jobs of the very commonest kind. It is perfectly certain that other men are now traveling the same road to success, but please note that 142 of the 170 have been in the service over twenty years. One essential to success in any business is to remain in it.

The United States: A Nation

THE DECISION of the United States Supreme Court in the A Shreveport Rate Case is an epoch-making event in the history of our country. The Texas State Railway Commission has attempted to fix railroad rates within that State so as to advantage the merchants of Dallas and Houston in their competition with

the wholesalers of Shreveport and other Louisiana cities. by the Interstate Commerce Commission, written by Franklin K. Lane (now Secretary of the Interior), declared against this policy two years ago, and Mr. Lane's position is now sustained by the Supreme Court in a verdict written by Justice Hughes. This decision does much more than merely to check an attempt at local protective favoritism, or bounty, by means of freight rates. It strongly vindicates the national authority over the great national service of transportation, and the inference is plain that for the future our railroads must be regarded as serving the national welfare rather than the specific interests of separate communities. The way is thus cleared for the development of a great national railroad policy on a scale to fit the United States. The railroads can go ahead and do the work relieved, to a very great extent, from the intolerable burden of conflicting regulation. The revised rate structure will be built upon one foundation, not on forty-odd. The communities that want to foster home industry can do so by the straightforward subsidy method instead of the old Republican party method of misusing the law. The State commissions will find their true field of usefulness in working out the local requirements of service and safety in harmony with national policy. The Supreme Court decision marks the beginning of the new era in regulated American railroading.

A Matter of Taste

FROM VERA CRUZ an American, temporarily resident there, sends us a letter that runs like this:

It was on Memorial Day that the Hamburg-American liner *Ypiranga* sailed into Vera Cruz Harbor after having landed her huge cargo of arms and ammunition at Puerto Mexico. She did not blush as she tied up at the dock—to prevent her landing her cargo at which, a few weeks before, the battle of Vera Cruz was fought and nearly a score of Americans laid down their lives. Her captain, a well-fed, happy-looking German, very smart in his "whites" and gold stripes, smiled as he said he knew nothing about the ship's cargo. He sailed the ship and went where he was ordered. The freight agent who had handled the immense shipment, and at a time when it was embarrassing for Americans forcibly to prevent its landing, turned it over to the Mexicans at Puerto Mexico. forcibly to prevent its landing, turned it over to the Mexicans at Puerto Mexico, was even more chipper. The thing was legal, according to Mexican law, he said; nobody had tried to stop him; they wouldn't be fined, and if they were, the fine would be remitted. All true, perhaps, and the Hamburg-American Line, whose American trade is doubtless important to it, had, behind this legal hocuspocus, and while the hands of the American fleet were tied by the curious diplomacy of those at home, but through what was in effect a fillbustering expedition, and given enough strength to our potential enemy completely to change the face of things for months. There is no doubt how behavior of this sort would be regarded if it were between two individuals. Nations, and those who sail the sea in ships, seem to feel less keen the desirability of acting like gentlemen. Filibustering expeditions have even been known to start from our own ports and under our own flag. Yet for a company largely interested in American tourist travel so openly to affront American feeling was, to say the least, a matter of doubtful taste.

Agreed! We doubt, however, whether Americans will boycott this or any other line, whether or not such a boycott would be advisable. We are too good-natured, far too easy-going, with the good humor men associate with fat and comfort. The Germans understand us only too well.

Jack London's Service

N THE REMARKABLE SERIES upon our occupation in Mexico, contributed by Jack London, "Our Adventurers in Tampico," in this number, stands forth as a unique achievement. Argonauts are of every phase and every age, be they Greek adventurers seeking the Golden Fleece or Americans seeking oil in Mexico. But before we read this article the picture of American "interest" in Mexico was vague in our minds, a sketch of wavering outline. Mr. London's article has stamped it home like a copper etching, clear and strong and vivid. And if our service to our readers in this affair of Mexico has been (as our friends have been kind enough to assert) unsurpassed by any periodical, we gladly credit LONDON-as well as Connolly, Hare, Reuterdahl, and Ruhl.

Breaking Loose

OUR HEART WARMS to that brakeman on a suburban train in Illinois. This brakeman revolted one day against the tyranny of routine. Instead of walking through the cars announcing the names of the stations at which the train would stop ("Four-fortyseven for Lake Blank; this train stops at Bushberry, Long Links, Putterville, and Dawdletown"), he did it like this, using the proper official tone: "Weather report fair and slightly cooler." Imagine the dramatic effect of this commonplace announcement on a carful of Chicago commuters! It was as if conductor and brakeman had played leapfrog down the aisle, as if the newsman had conjugated



amo, amas, amat, instead of calling out the evening papers and COLLIER'S. We never pulled just that trick, but that is because we never were a brakeman.

The World Moves—and Women Help to Move It

THE REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, said to be the first woman minister regularly ordained in this country,

celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday on May 20 last. She was ordained in 1853 after a struggle of some years. To-day more than twenty-five hundred women are preaching in the United States as regularly ordained ministers. When she sought a college education in 1843 there was only one higher institution of learning open to women, the Collegiate Institute, now Oberlin College, at Oberlin, Ohio. To-day in the universities, colleges, and technical schools of the United States there are over five thousand women serving as professors and instructors and more than one hundred thousand woman students. There are over two thousand woman lawyers and more than seven thousand women are regularly certificated physicians and surgeons. All this change is part of a great progress toward freedom and bet-ter things. It will go further.

Words and Things

SOME OF OUR FRIENDS seem to fear that a quotation of ours from old Sam Johnson ("Words are the daughters of earth; but things are the sons of heaven") may mean that we exalt factory products at the expense of literature Nothing can be further from our thought and from our business. The pride of a civilization is its life, and the utterances of its literature are more stimulating to that life than material things can be. Take the life of JACOB RIIS that we talked about last week; Riis was first and foremost a newspaper reporter, and that is why he could open the eyes of a great many people to remediable ills,

But Jacob Riis did not stop short at writing; he, too, realized that life is the reality and words only shadows of truth. This or something like it, was what Dr. Jounson had in mind. It is worth while to reflect on some lines written by Robert Browning. to the effect that:

. . . Great things are made of little things, And little things go lessening, till at last Comes Gop behind them.

A Friend Who Sticks

FROM A BIG HOTEL in Washington comes a letter to the editor, suggesting that Collier's discuss the operation of the Workmen's Compensation Law in Ohio. "Every day about four hundred claims are settled under the provisions of this law," runs the letter, "and the scale of compensation is higher than in any other State, and yet the employers are beginning to understand that the cost to them is less than it was on the old plan." are details in this letter that we have not room for here, but this is the way the last paragraph runs:

I am an old resident of Columbus, with offices at 8 East Broad Street, but am detained here on account of illness. I am also a subscriber to Collier's Weekly, and have read it since the first number, which I bought at L. C. Collin's news stand, on South High Street in Columbus

Collier's Weekly has been published under this name only since 1895; it is possible Mr. Claude Meeker, in referring to having read Collier's since the first number, has in mind the weekly newspaper called "Once a Week," the acorn from which Collier's oak tree has grown. Who else has read this magazine every week since 1888?

Let There Be Light

ELECTRICITY is almost a by-product of the United States, so we usually think, but now comes the New York "Electrical World" and points out in a long special article that European electric light companies are going far ahead of those in this country in getting their product into use in the houses, shops, and barns of the poor. Cheap wiring, flat rates, and current-limiting devices to prevent the use of

larger lamps than those agreed upon, are the essential elements. The American managers have put too much of their energy into developing big-business installations, immense illuminated signs, and other high-priced equipments. Thus in many cities there is no broad popular basis of use. Europe seems to have gone almost as far ahead of us in popularizing the electric light as we have gone ahead of Europe in popularizing the telephone. It will be an advantage to us to catch up.

Mr. Slicer Must Suffer Also

OF ALL UBIQUITOUS BORES, the friends who make puns on your name are the worst. Mr. HENRY J. TOPPING is a gifted golfer of Connecticut. (He was runner-up against Ouimer in the recent match in France.) But Mr. Topping has our deepest sympathy any day he happens to be off his game.

The Ancient Call

RESERVOIRS OF HAPPINESS surround us on every hand. In their totality they make up the sum and ocean of Nature and natural beauty. reach us they must have channels through which to flow, and the only possible channels are the feeling for them and the love in our hearts. Every spring and summer the Earth, that divine mother, pours out anew her lavish affection for us, her poor strayed creatures, maddened by the pursuit of unrealities, herded within walls, suffocating, ill at ease, haggard with petty cares. She calls and beckons and draws us, but, like foolish children, perverse and untractable, we hide and answer not her

call. Every tree, every leaf and tendril and blade of grass, brings us her message of healing and wholeness, but we heed not the messengers.

The ends of our endeavor Are wealth and fame, Yet in the still Forever We're one and all the same. . . .

Our arguments disputing, The universal Pan Still wanders fluting—fluting— Fluting to maid and man

Henley knew that ancient call, and the prose poet, Algernon Blackwood, in his wonderful book, "The Centaur," is no less clear upon the immemorial legendary kinship between the earth and man: "The strength and dignity of the trees he drew into himself; the power of the wind was his; with his unwearied feet ran all the sweet and facile swiftness of the rivulets, and in his thoughts the graciousness of flowers, the wavy softness of the grass, the peace of open spaces, and the calm of the vast sky." All mankind yearns for that peace and that at-one-ment, and every summer is a crusade of Nature to bring more happy converts to her sheltering fold.

It Takes Nerve!

IT TAKES NERVE," announces a booze advertisement underneath a thrilling picture of a birdman. The ad continues:

Men and women of to-day need nerves of steel, whether their occupation is piloting an airship, controlling a business, or directing household or social activities. When the nerves begin to show evidences of weakness, prompt action should be taken to restore them to a normal condition.

Considering that "booze" has had to walk the plank in the navy, has been ruled off athletic grounds, banned by factories, proscribed by certain offices and banks, forbidden by many mines and railroads-where a cool head and steady hand are required—it certainly does take nerve!



Bust Be the Tie That Binds Cartoon by F. G. Cooper



Pickups

By Grantland Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER



The Survivor

JEFFRIES passed with the winds a-drifting, Gone with the snows of the yesteryear; Denton Young found the olive shifting Back at last with the drab and sere; Larry the Nap and The Reel are slipping, Gone forever is Nelson's gloat— But still on the rampage, roaring, ripping, Teddy alone has Doc Time's goat.

Where are the guys of the yester-glory, Headline monarchs of days that were? Crossed at last for a fresher story, Swept away for a newer stir; Does the Cub machine any longer matter? Where do Ouimet and Travers hide? But still out there in the clash and clatter Teddy alone tops Time and Tide.

"New Under the Sun"

THE idea prevalent in a number of industrious centers that there was "nothing new under the sun" has been dispersed at last.

The disperser at large is Charles Lincoln Herzog of Ridgely, Md., and Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Herzog has potatoes and cantaloupes in one place and the Reds in the other. A number of estimable tollers have raised potatoes and cantaloupes in Maryland before. But very, very few people—if any—have lifted the Reds into second place and held them at this chosen spot after midand held them at this chosen spot after mid-June had tilted on toward July.

Herzog was conceded to have the worst material in either circuit. He had a club which looked much weaker than Tinker's seventh placer of last year. And back of his club was a tradition of disaster—a history of woe and shame. But Herzog adopted the simple tactics

shame. But Herzog adopted the simple tactics of making what ball piayers he had play all the baseball they knew how to play all the time they were out there playing. He took a frolic away from them and gave them a profession. Briefly—he put his club to work. And wherever he finishes, the ex-Glant has already shown the keenest piece of managerial endeavor listed within the last ten years.

Half-Lengths

"TIDE and Time for no man wait." And Teddy and Ty don't wait for Time and Tide.

An even break to the bulk of us isn't fifty-

fifty, but sixty-forty.

A number of eminent specialists are involved in the argument as to who first introduced the Turkey Trot. In the Zero Steeplechase of Achievement this should finish one-two-three.

The Feds are planning to offer Walter Johnson \$100,000 for three years. We are open to the same bid from Gehenna.

Not a Hero to His Manager

T'S a hard life. Some days you can't hardly find a

thing to chuckle over.

In a tight battle against the Yankees the eminent fing Bodie lost chances to win for the White Sox by falling to slide and by falling to back up an over-throw from Schalk. These plays cost two runs. Later on he poled one into the stands for a home run and broke up the game. That night he started out with a white carnation in his buttonhole and his hat plastered on one side of his dome. He bumped into Jimmy Callahan.

"Why all the glad stuff?" queried Cal.
"Well," said Ping, "didn't I bust one to-day?"
"Yes, you're a fine boob," answered his manager. "You lost the game twice and only won it once. You owe me another one to-morrow before you break even, much less come in for that carnation stuff."

well chance in this game," muttered



the morose Ping as pegged his carnation into the gutter. "I bust one up for him and I still ain't broke even. I guess I got to win a double-header to make it fifty-fifty."

The Baseball Dame

S HE has the curves and the speed. Her chief aim in life is a good catch.

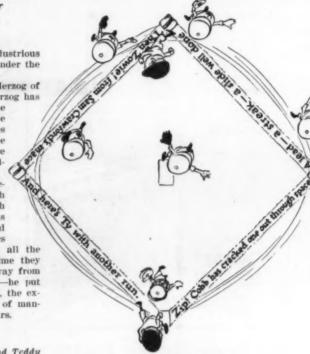
At close quarters she advocates the "squeeze" play.

She can always use a well-kept diamond.
Making a hit is one of her specialties. You can't drive her away from the plate. A fast one around the neck is the kind she cats up.

In taking a lead, she knows exactly how far to go.

You can't walk her, even in a pinch. She looks good warming up.

And she can go both ways and get 'em.



Diagramming A Detroit Tally

The N. L. Stymie

M ESSRS. JOHN J. McGRAW and Frederick Clifford Clarke, representing New York and Pittsburgh respectively in the National League pennant cause, are up against a lean choice.

These two are now in control of the flag destinies

of their circuit, and to one of them will fail the assignment of reestablishing the National League in

world-series power after four sparse, famished years. The National League hasn't achieved a world-series emblem since 1909—and Fred Clarke was the last

N. L. magnate to fly the conquering flag.

But as we recall the circumstance, we were speaking of a "lean choice" for the National League winner. It will be, however, more of an ultimatum than a choice. All Clarke or McGraw will have to do next Cctober will be to send their batsmen up against Walter Johnor their pitchers up against Collins, Baker, and nis. Also Strunk, Schang, Oldring, and Murphy.

Outside of this, next October offers a roseate horizon for N. L. contemplation. All the winner has to do is to stop Mack's club from batting or to hit Johnson's pitching. Either event can be achieved, but the under-taking is likely to be fraught with some stress and quite a bit of labor and strain. For both Philadelphia and Washington are wonderfully fixed for a short series. Still, if there is any choice, we have a hunch that New York at least would rather fly "to evils that she knows not of" rather than become involved with the Mackmen again. Both Pittsburgh and New York would doubtless rather take a chance with Johnson for four games out of seven than with Collins, Baker, Mc-Innis, etc., in six games out of six—which has always been the Mackian limit in any previous world series.

Rare Species

10%

'VE met a beggar in the street who scorned my proferred gift;
I've come upon a worn-out tramp who would
not take a lift;

I've met a fighter who exclaimed amid the roar-ing din:

"I fell before a better bloke without a chance I've met a guy who never heard of Teddy or

of Ty-Who never heard of Johnson's speed or Baker's

batting eye; But though I've been around the world and lamped

Within my scope A million weird varieties beyond the purling dope, Including scribes who spurned all cash and merely wrote for fame.

In all my life I've never met a golfer "on his game."

Golfing Upsets

HERE are any number of profound experts and eritics inhabiting this fairly well-known universe, but the profoundest and deepest of all ose who attempt to analyze any outcome in the festive game of golf.

Golf is beyond all diagnosis. And beyond all ope. "It is made up of three distinct games," dope. "It is made up of three distinct games, says Walter J. Travis, and the adjustment in each is too delicate to admit of any forecast. A certain standard of ability is necessary, and after to be a marrier of one day's or one that it is merely a matter of one day's or one week's mental attitude.

When a Vardon and Ray can fall before a Oui-met and a Cuimet can bow to a Mr. Todd—when Topping can displace Evans and Travers and Hil-ton can "come by the cudgels," while a Huzzlet and a Jenkins move on to glory, further rebuttal stands null, void, and nit,

In the last five years Harold Weber and Heinie Schmidt, not ranked among the first ten in America, have made a far better showing in the English lists than such marvels as Travers, Ouimet, and Evans To which again there is no rebuttal, despite the pro-foundest critic that ever lived.

Remember the Tune

ONE thought of Sheckard and Schulte and Kling, Feeble and old and gray— Another of Evers, the Sunshine Kid, Happy and blithe and gay; One kissed a photo of Chance on first, Another a snapshot of Brown Bidding farewell to the Grand Old Stuff Just as the Cubs went down.

Radium Flesh

Y COBB and Walter Johnson have contracts that reach an end this fall. It is announced that on or around the day the season closes the Federal League will offer each player \$100,000 for

So we now have two people at least who are literally "worth their weight in gold." All of which puts a terrific problem up to Detroit and Washington club owners. Losing Cobb and Johnson means the passing of both clubs from the white spotlight of fame and in-terest. Keeping Cobb and Johnson means an abnormal dent in the club treasury.

We'd rather be writing about ball players these days than owning them. It's a bit cheaper and the strain isn't quite so pronounced.

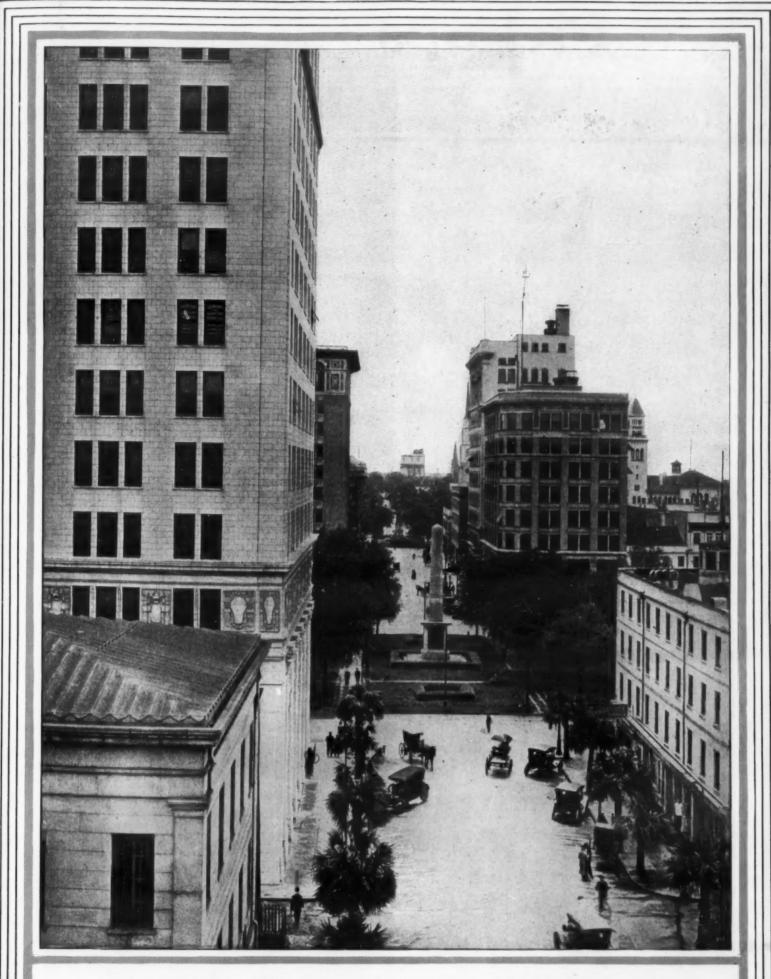
Yes, Whither

A^N EXPERT on figures and finance informs us that the Federal League will lose \$200,000 this season; the National League \$300,000; the \$200,000 American League

And the last round of

golf we played we lost three balls and lost a mashie. Whither are we drifting?





Unconventional Portraits of American Cities - Savannah

FOR CIVIC BEAUTY SECRETS—in particular, how not to "look one's age"—consult Miss Savannah. Here is a portrait of a miss of 179 summers. Yet who would say she looks a day older than a Bernhardt or a Russell? The photograph was taken from the roof of Savannah's City Hall, looking south on Bull Street toward Forsyth Park. The palm trees at the base of a fifteen-story skyscraper Photograph by Char

furnish only one of many picturesque contrasts in a city that skill-fully drives business and beauty to double-harness. Comparatively few landmarks of Colonial and ante bellum days have survived. In this snapshot the most conspicuous souvenir of the past is the obelisk-like shaft to General Nathanael Greene. The corner stone of this monument was laid by Lafayette.

CHABLES PHELPS CUSHING.

Over Sea and Land at Vera Cruz



A light whiff of wind was blowing over Vera Cruz harbor as Mr. Hare, in an airboat 2,200 feet above, clicked his camera. The bright sunlight on the ripples produced the silvery flecks in the photograph. The battleship Mississippi, the aeronautic-station ship of Rear Admiral Badger's fleet, is in the center

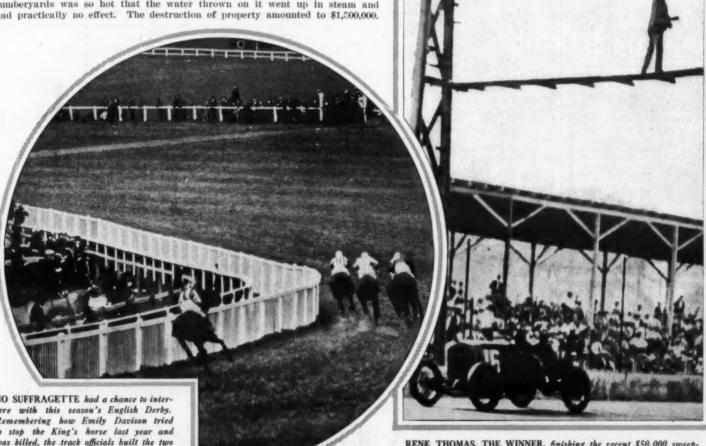


Looking down in a northwesterly direction upon Vera Cruz from a hydroaeroplane 2,500 feet above the harbor. The open space in the lower right-hand corner is the railroad yards, and the water in the background is a stagnant marsh. Mr. Hare made the flight with Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Mustin



Cleveland Has a Spectacular Fire

The night photograph above is a glimpse of a recent fire that swept over twenty acres in the lumber district of Cleveland. The framework under part of the Central Viaduct (at the right) over Cuyahoga River was burned, causing a 250-foot span to collapse and fall across the Nickel Plate Railroad bridge. In the lower left-hand corner of the picture is a Nickel Plate locomotive stranded on the trestle, which was partially destroyed. The fire in the lumberyards was so hot that the water thrown on it went up in steam and had practically no effect. The destruction of property amounted to \$1,500,000.



NO SUFFRAGETTE had a chance to inter-fere with this season's English Derby. Remembering how Emily Davison tried to stop the King's horse last year and was killed, the track officials built the two extra fences shown in the photograph. The 1914 Derby was won by Durbar II, owned by H. B. Duryea, an American

RENE THOMAS, THE WINNER, finishing the recent \$50,000 sweep-stake at the Indianapolis Speedway. Thomas, with a Delage car, made an average of 82.45 miles an hour. Barney Oldfield, in a Stutz (American), made 78 miles. Foreigners got \$40,000 in prize money



Ensignette Cameras

ariff has permitted us to reduce the price 50 to 46,00. Ensignette has been imitated in appear-it its London made quality and reduced

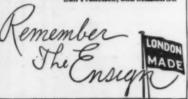
que.
pictures 1½ x 2½, which enlarge perheaply to post card size.
ke of films of this size may be used.
ew price, the Ensignette is

A Vacation Necessity

There are a number of other Ensign models. The Ensign Folding Reflex (lighter and more mpact) and the Zeise Ensign Cameras are th designed for the most critical and exacting. Ensign Films are Non-Curlable and Double stantaneous, and are guaranteed longer beuse they are made better. Your dealer sells Ensign Cameras and Films. substitutes are offered, write us.

nutiful new Illustrated Catalog Free. Write today!

G. GENNERT Chicago, 320 S. Wabash Ave. San Francisco, 682 Mission St.



Makes Motor Damage Impossible MOTOMETER \$10 and \$5. S THE MOTOMETER CO. 1790 Broadway, N. Y. City



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

WRITE TODAY !

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, mpm, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at of second hand bley e, at \$3 to \$8 each RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and ex-

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to learn what we offer out and how we can do it. You will be astonished and conjuced. Do not buy a bleycle, tires or sundries until you get we canadre and new sunctial offers. Write today. our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

Our Adventurers in Tampico

a monthly wage list of \$10,000 and a monthly grocery bill of \$10,000.

I spent a quiet Sunday with the chiefs of one of these companies. The superintendent and I had last parted at the tail of a glacier on the slope of Chilcoot Pass. He was a mere adventurer, of course, but just the same I desire to describe just a little of this, his Mexican adventure.

We sat in a hot room. The afternoon breeze had not yet sprung up. The house stood on a hill. All about were the visible evidences of pernicious activity. The low hills were crowned with steel tanks and reservoirs. The slopes down to the river were covered with machine shows.

slopes down to the river were covered with ma-chine shops, carpenter shops, warehouses, an ice plant, an electric-light plant, a foundry, and parks of wagons, auto-trucks, road scrapers, graders, and rollers. The river was wharf-lined

trucks, road scrapers, graders, and rollers. The river was wharf-lined and the wharf was lined with tankers loading oil. There were dredgers, pile drivers, launches, barges, river steamers, harbor tugs, huge ocean-going tugs, and a fast steam yacht (bought a year before for the purpose of rushing the American employees away to the safety of the sea in case of need).

And there was more than could be seen. This particular company ran truck farms, and orchards of avocados, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and figs—all for feeding its employees. I knew that to the west, in the Ebano field, were this company's hospitais, clubhouses, and railroad shops. Oh, yes, it possessed two railroads which it had built as run. Also, at Ebano, was its asphal-

which it had built as with the relation was its asphaltum refinery, reckoned the largest in the world, and a mere stock farm where imported Hereford bulls, Percheron stallions, and Missouri jacks graded up the inferior stock of Mexico, and where 10,000 head of animals had run prior to the radds by Ecderals and run prior to the raids by Federals and Constitutionalists.

She was young, strong, and s had ridden for two years

with the revolutionists

Constitutionalists.

From this house on the hill ran a graded wagon road through the jungle, built by the company, into the far Huasteca country, connecting with the terminal of the company's railroad at Dos Bocas. All this distance, and more, to a hundred miles away, ran the company's telephone lines. Two pipe lines for oil, one for water, and one for gas paralleled the wagon road.

Under Stress of War

In that hot room of the house on the hill the telephone was never idle. Now the superintendent, now one chief, and now another answered it. A call would come from some distant station. Two horses had been run off by Constitutionalists. Another call: the Federals had just killed five cows and a bull for food, and the superintendent, in return, desired to know if his pony was still safe.

An employee arrives on the porch

An employee arrives on the porch with the news that four of the auto-trucks lifted by the rebels have been recovered in Tampico, and are being brought across the river on a barge.

brought across the river on a barge. Another employee brings the word that the launch Doodle-bug has just been commandeered by the rebels.

Over the telephone comes word that General Zaragoza, with 3,400 of his men, has burned a village and is lifting every horse and mule in sight. The Federals are drifting toward Amatlán the voice over the wire goes on.

"Getting close to our mules," remarks one of the chiefs, and then to me: "We've got 250 mules down there—200 of them from the States."

A tidy item that—sixty to seventy thousand dollars' worth of mule flesh; and the superintendent, over the phone,

and the superintendent, over the phone, orders the moving of the mule herd to another potrero away from the line of Federal driftage.

The water station at Tamcochin sends in word that the Federals are reported drifting down on Tamcochin.

"All right," advises the superintendent. "Keep the tanks full to the last moment, and be prepared to run for it. Have a horse saddled for each one of you, and run the rest off now."

Like Job's Calamities

I've Job's Calamittes

I've a lull one of the chiefs begins inquiring over the line for the pursuing rebels, and locates a station through which 500 of them had passed two hours earlier.

A call announces that the 600 mules are on their way to potreros green and hidden.

A call announces that the 600 mules are on their way to potreros green and hidden.

The chiefs try to reason the drift of the Federals. It is concluded that so far they have failed to gain the tableland, but that they are bound to try again because, to the south, they are blocked by the rebels, who have captured the port of Tuxpan.

"It does hurt to be called an adventurer," one of the chiefs begins, but is interrupted by a clatter of hoofs and the eruption of a splendid specimen of an Indian who dismounts and reports that after recovering thirty of the company's horses he has just had them taken away by a bunch of rebels.

Another station telephones a rumor that the 500 rebels have run into the 3,400 Federals and are having a hot time of it.

One of the chiefs tele-

of it.

One of the chiefs tele-One of the chiefs tele-phones a subordinate to hire a launch to take the place of the com-mandeered *Doodle-bug.* Scarcely is this done

mandeered Doodle-bug. Scarcely is this done when a slender half-breed presents himself with a fresh commission to be a colonel and to raise a regiment of 500 men for the rebels. The superintendent shows the new Colonel every consideration. He is compelled to, or else the Colonel will enlist the men from the company's laborers. Also, the Colonel wants to borrow a launch for a couple of days. It is blackmail, but the superintendent smilingly lends it, and as soon as the Colonel is gone sends orders to hire another launch for the company in Tampico. Followfor the company in Tampico. Following that, at his suggestion, a chief telephones a lone man in a lone station in the path of the Federal drift to be ready to disconnect the wires and cut and run

Between telephone calls a broken conference is held on the problem of moving the Ebano oil. A chief states that the company's shop at Ebano is occupied by seven engines which the rebels have captured from the Mexican Central and are repairing. Another chief, whose activities are patently diplomatic, is instructed to attempt to persuade the rebel leaders to use the repair shops at Tampico. It is decided, since the Ebano oil must be moved because of lack of further storage, to get the rebels to move it over the captured Mexican Central.

"If they won't or can't," the superintendent concludes, "then propose that they let us move it over their lines. We can furnish our own trains, crews, and

can furnish our own trains, crews, and everything."

Pleasant Dreams

Pleasant Dreams

AND the foregoing is just a sample of what went on for all that blessed day and half the night in that hot room of the house on the hill. One last thing I must give. Over the telephone came the verification of the earlier report of fighting. The 3,400 Federals had pretty well cut to pieces the 500 rebels, who were dropping back. Also, the Federals had ceased drifting and were making fast time for the mountains. And in the evening I fell asleep in my chair while the telephone rang on and on, and while the superintendent and his chiefs conferred and planned and considered immediate problems vastly profounder than any I have mentioned here.



What kind of a trunk have you; will it last through your next trip?

If it is an Indestructo, you are sure that it will last for at least, five years of the hardest kind of service you can give it.

That's our guarantee; five years trunk service, regardless of what happens or how far you travel.

But if you are going to buy a new trunk, what style have you in mind? Have you thought of a wardrobe trunk? A trunk that will enable you to keep your clothes hung up throughout the ntire trip as smooth and wrinkleless as

they are in your closet at home.

The choice of the right sort of a wardrobe trunk is most important when you consider the tremendous strain to which a wardrobe trunk is subjected.

Indestructo wardrobes embody the famous Indestructo wardrobes embody the famous Indestructo construction and are the strongest wardrobe trunks made.

The box is made of six-ply hardwood veneer, strong as a safe. The interior is built to wear. The clothes hangers will not break.

For your own protection avoid wardrobes built to sell at a price.

Remember! You get what you pay for.

Every Indestructo wardrobe is made to wear indefinitely, and we guarantee five years of service. of service.

If your trunk is lost or damaged of any cause whatsoever, we will replace or repair it free of charge.

If you want trunk service you will buy Indestructo.

If you are after low price and the short life that goes with it, let Indestructo alone.

We believe we are morally responsible to ur customers for every trunk we sell. Each

article is exactly as we represent it.

National Veneer Products Co.





LD-IT Needed in every home, store, office, garage—everywhere. Be the wholesale distributor in your locality. Permanent, Profitable, Sales Repeating.

Write today.

BITTER SPECIALTY CO. 2.C. Columbus, Ohio



Gamblers' Wives

habit of heaping insult on the name of his friend of other days at every opportunity. If Sommers ever met up with him he would have to fight. Also Sommers would let the other fire first; he always did. This fact and distance fortified Bonnor in his bravado.

"What Sommers wanted me to do was to go with him and be around if trouble came—and be a witness to the fact that Bonnor fired first, in case Sommers was the survivor of the affair. It was a general superstition that Sommers would survive, because—well, it was one of the ironies of fate that this man who wanted eral superstition that Sommers would survive, because—well, it was one of the ironies of fate that this man who wanted to die, who notoriously held his life cheap, seemed in all these affairs to bear a charmed existence.

"'But,' I told him, desperately, 'I must have the money now, at once, else I would as well not have it at all. I have a sick wife who is in immediate need of the care this money would furnish her.'

"He saw my anxiety and thrust a roll

of the care this money would furnish her.'

"He saw my anxiety and thrust a rol of bills into my hand. 'Here,' he said, almost roughly, 'I am not such a Shylock. Go. See to her at once. And if she needs you, stay by her. You owe me nothing until your own good time.'

"Hurriedly, in my haste to get to my wife, I pressed upon him my fervent thanks. But as I left him I pledged myself to go with him on the morrow if my wife's condition warranted, once she was in good hands.

"As it turned out, I did go with him. My wife seemed to be doing nicely, and I was anxious to go, as I knew there would be good chances of making some money. Heftinstructions that if there were the least signs of a turn for the worse, I sheath be notified by with a more." the least signs of a turn for the worse, I should be notified by wire at once."

Brannon paused for a moment, as if in reverie, gazing into space, then resumed: "It was the second day we were there—the men came together. It happened almost directly in front of Bonnor's home along in the late afternoon. In that hot, dusty street of that lazy Texas town they met, a sneer on the face of one, fear and dread written on that of the other. Bonnor knew that he would be shot down like a dog, whether he fired or not, but he also knew he would be given ample time to fire first. With a desperate effort to make the most of his opportunity, he pulled and fired with all the steadiness his failing courage could muster. Sommers, waiting with his hand on his gun, fired instantly after. The two shots sounded almost as one. I remember I saw first that Sommers was wounded in the left shoulder, and then turned to Bonnor in time to see him pitch forward and fall to the street, the blood streaming from his breast. Also I remember noting in time to see him pitch forward and fall to the street, the bloof streaming from his breast. Also I remember noting in the back of my mind a bunch c^ loafers in front of a livery stable acwn the street a piece, scattering and disappearing inside with wonderful aglility; the ducking out of sight of a straggler or two, and the opening of a window.

"Then I heard a woman's shriek, and Bonnor's wife came running out and sank

across the form of her husband. She wore a snow-white dress, and when she rose to her feet her own soft bosom was all crimson and begrimed with the dust and blood, as though there, too, the ruthless bullet had plowed and torn its way. Just then a little curly-haired baby girl, all white and fresh, too, probably just from its afternoon nap and bath, came toddling out to her mother; she snatched the child up in her arms and turned on Sommers, scorn and hate flashing from her eyes. But her bitter arraignment died on her lips before this man who stood there facing her with a weary smile, his hands held out in a little shrug of disappointment. Casting at him one last

died on her lips before this man who stood there facing her with a weary smile, his hands held out in a little shrug of disappointment. Casting at him one last look of horror, she fled into the house. "The usual program was gone through with, bond was speedily arranged for, and I was free to go back to my wife. "But I was sickened, and at the thought of that little baby girl clasped to its mother's stained breast, unable to realize the tragedy that had come into her life so early, the shattered peace of a home, I bitterly reproached myself. I could have given them warning, might have prevented it. I had made some money the night before, and was in good shape to make plenty more before the week was out, but I wanted to get out of the town. "I hurried back to Fort Worth and at the bedside of my wife toid her of the affair. No matter what her own feelings, she, as ever, laughed down my distress, told me I couldn't have helped it, that it was bound to have happened, soothed me, cheered me, and soon had me back to my normal self. But they buried her—my girl—a week later. It seemed our prosperity came too late."

His voice had sunk almost to a whisper. After a moment's silence, he again took up the thread. "I made a lot of money after that"—there was mockery in his tone. "I couldn't lose at anything—" Brannon turned to reminiscences of Sommers, as if closing the door on more intimate memories. After his quiet tones had rehearsed more than one strange story of a strange man, after he had given the true version of Sommer's death (with half a dozen bullets in him at last) in the Crystal Palace at San Antonio, he rose and laid a hand on Buddie's shoulder. "Be good to that little wife of yours, son," he sald. "You don't know how lucky you are to have a little girl like that to stick with you through thick and thin. Whenever there's some one that has to give in you be that one, always. Never hesitate. And the first thing you know she'll be beating you to it. Cherish her and sak her advice about things. You'll be surprised

BRANNON stared a moment, and then in silence, with a little sweep of his hand, recognized the mysteries of Fate. That night Buddle bent over Molly's sleeping form and brushed her forehead

The Meeting Place in Summertime

Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar-some mix them with their fruit.

Every evening, legions again meet around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. At suppertime or bedtime these dainty morsels form an ideal good-night dish.

At noontime, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungry boys eat the grains like peanuts

The millions who do this know the utmost in a cerealfood delight.

The Perfect Foods

Prof. Anderson, in these puffed grains, has created the perfect foods. Here, for the first time, all the food granules are broken. Digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions. And the airy morsels which result are the best-cooked foods in existence.

They are foods for any hour. They never tax the stom-And every atom of food value has been made available. No other method has ever created such ideal foods as these puffed grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in Extreme Puffed Rice, 15c West

In the hot days coming-when you want to save cookwhen you want cool foods, easy to digest-serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

The Quaker Oals Company

Sole Makers



With a mental "So much for hunches," he sank into one of the big, soft leather chairs in the richly appointed Iroquois Club just in time to note the entrance of Tom Brannon

Your Ford Car

Why it should be lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"



IN lubricating Ford Cars, there are eight vital considerations. Each one must be met if the motor is to deliver its full power and be free from undue heat and wear.

These factors are:

(1) Speed, Bore and Stroke. Under the hood you have a small, high-speed motor. The Ford speed conditions demand oil of a different body from that demanded by low-speed conditions. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets this Ford need with scientific

(2) Piston Clearance. The Ford pistons are closely fitted. Each piston has two upper rings, and one lower ring and an oil groove. The lower ring tends to prevent a surplus of oil working into the combustion chamber, while the oil groove insures proper lubrication of the wrist-pin. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the correct film for the Ford piston clearance.

(3) Lubricating System. The oil is supplied to the crank case. The connecting rods dip. All parts of the Ford motor are supplied by splash lubrication, requiring an oil which will atomize readily. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has the scientifically-correct body to properly distribute to all the friction surfaces.

(4) Cooling. The Ford motor is water-cooled by the Thermo-Syphon system, and is equipped with two forward speeds. The continued use of low gear often causes overheating. For full protection, oil should be used which distributes freely to the heated frictional surfaces, as Gargoyle Mobiloil E' does.

(5) Ignition. The Ford system of ig-(b) Ignition. The Ford system of ignition is by low-tension magneto, located in the fly-wheel, employing a four unit coil of the vibrator type. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will burn cleanly from ignition points—a most important consideration.

(6) Bearings. The Ford bearings are of the two-bolt type, brass with Babbitt lining, closely fitted. The correct body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to properly reach all parts of the closely-fitted bearings.

(7) Carbon Deposit. To insure the least carbon under all conditions, an oil should be used whose only deposit will be of a dry, non-adhesive charactereasily and naturally expelled through the exhaust. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," if the proper level is maintained, will deposit little if any carbon in a Ford motor.

(8) Extreme Weather Conditions. On the summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under overheated conditions, often due to faulty lubrication. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to absorb and radiate heat. On cold winter days oil is required of a fluidity which enables it to meet low-temperature conditions, and permit ease in cranking the motor. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" completely fills these requirements.

Above we have said little about quality. The Vacuum Oil Company, recognized world-leaders in scientific lubrication, have been specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for almost half

We guarantee Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to be fully up to the high standard de-manded of all Gargoyle products.

It easily reaches all friction surface ad gives thorough protection after dis

In one case, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" should not be used.

1910 Models. In the models of that year motor conditions were slightly different. For 1910 and earlier models use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for winter.

To Owners of Other Cars:

The analysis above is one of over 400 similar engineering studies of different American and foreign cars.

Whatever the make or model of your ar, you can get the benefit of these malyses and our advice, based on them, rom our complete Lubricating Chart. A copy will be mailed on request.

We will also mail you on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloila in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gar-



Gargoyle Mobiloil can be secured fron reliable garages, aut mobile supply houses hardware stores, an others who supply lu bricants

others who bricants. For information, kindly address any in-quiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES

with his lips. She stirred slightly, and then the eyelid fluttered open and she looked up into Buddie's face.

"Yea," he said slowly. "An old friend ard slowly he whispered. "Look what an old friend and admirer of yours staked me to," and he flaunted some bills before her eyes. He smiled as Molly looked up at him inquiringly.

"Yea," he said slowly. "An old friend

of yours. He first met you eighteen years ago." The wondering eyes still fixed upon him, for some reason he suddenly sank to his knees close beside her and

clasped her to him.

"Maybe," said Molly, after a while,
"you'll tell me some time what it's all
about?"

"Maybe," said Buddle tenderly. "May-

The Toe of Retribution

goin' t' strike. An', chances are, Joe's record's so septic that this complication will necessitate amputation; but, comin' or goin', discipline is discipline, so go ahead. Subdue yer feelin's an' give it t' him straight.'

"Well, th' coon passed Billy in all right, an' there he stood in th' precinct o' royalty.

"What can I do fer you, Mr. Hood?' says Beveridge.

"Then Billy hands him th' letter an' blows his spiel in tremulous accents.

"Let me git at th' matter clearly, Mr. Hood,' says Beveridge. 'I understand that you were in th' passenger service an' have been discharged. Who discharged you?"

"Conductor McQueen.'

"For what reason?"

"'Conductor McQueen."
"'For what reason?"
"'He objected to a remark I made about th' collectors comin' on. Th' cons is all sore about that,' says Billy.
"'And he gave ye this letter—after ward?"
"'He did that. This mornin'. See th' date?' says Billy.
"'Since when did conductors git authority t' discharge employees o' th' company?"

pany?" "Bout a month ago. Morgan's bul-

"'Morgan? Who is Morgan?"
"Th' Prairie train master."
"Superintendent Hargrave's train master

Yes, sir.

"B EVERIDGE pushed a button, an' th' porter came in.
"'Tell th' operator t' have Mr. Hargrave, superintendent o' th' Prairie Division, an' his train master, Morgan, report at this office as soon as possible. Notify Conductor Joseph McQueen also.

Conductor Joseph McQueen also.

"'Mr. Hood, you'll return t' work. I shall investigate this case thoroughly. We're not delegatin' authority t' conductors nor dischargin' men fer talkin'. Good day, sir!"

"Billy hung round outside, watchin' developments. Pretty soon 'long comes Chain-gang Hargrave at a quick sprint an' Morgan wid him. They was too occupied t' notice Billy, fer when a division superintendent an' his 'mediate subordinate gits summoned t' th' G. M., it generally means somethin' sear an' yellow, an' th' earth has a cross-eyed aspect. Then Joe looms up, pale as wax, feelin' o' hisself t' see if he's all there.

"When Joe seen Billy, another buzzard

o misseif it see if he's all there.

"When Joe seen Billy, another buzzard
must 'a' flopped askew o' his horizon.
He stopped short an' looked at Billy
like an idee had struck him suddenlike.

'Lemme see that letter a minit, Hood,'

says he.
"'Mr. Beveridge has th' letter,' says

"At that Joe wilted fer fair. He give "At that Joe wilted fer fair. He give Billy one heartrendin' look an' walked lopsided into th' office. What Beveridge handed t' them three men hasn't ever been given out fer publication, but when they came out they looked weary and "Billy was anchored t' th' spot. He wanted t' creep away, but seemed like he couldn't move.

wanted t' creep away, but seemed like he couldn't move.

"C HAIN-GANG HARGRAVE looked at Eilly. Then he mopped his face. His collar had gone mushy. Says he: 'Hood, you return t' McQueen's crew an' stay fer further orders.'

"An' there ye have th' hist'ry o' Billy Hood," concluded Finnigan.

"Well, there's a devil of an argument against appealin' a case, I must remark!" exclaimed Quaid. "Finnigan, you'd make a good attorney. If yer man was due fer a straight drunk fine, you'd git him hung? What better evidence o' th' advantage o' takin a case t' th' head o' th' class could ye offer?"

"Ye've got a flat wheel, Finnigan," added Cleary. "Now, after all yer talk, ye prove by yer own account that this Billy Hood went at it blind, an' won out widout half tryin'. Why, he set right down in th' lap o' justice—"

"An' dropped through onto th' toe o' retribution," interrupted Finnigan. "You fellers sop up th' climax like a sponge. I was waitin' fer it t' git clear t' ye, but ye're that quick. It does ye credit. Did I say I was through? There's yet th' sequel. Three weeks after th' transaction ye're so wrought up over. Billy opened th' switch at Elba t' let Number Three take sidin' fer th' Mail. Three had besides her reg'lar train one extra sleeper an' General Superintendent Caton's private car on th' rear wid his Juleps in it. Maybe Billy was reflect-in' on bein' in th' favor o' princes. Maybe he was sleepy. Anyhow he counted th' usual number o' cars passin' an' closed th' switch. Th' front part o' th' train took sidin' an' th' last two cars went up th' main an' t' th' bad. Th' safety chains held, an' there in th' dead o' night ye behold Caton's car a-straddle th' track an' near tipped over, an' th' old man's head out th' window warblin' language that withered th' foliage in that vicinity. Th' miscue laid out both trains a matter o' three hours.

"DID Caton fire Billy? Did he? He chased him out o' th' right o' way an' wo' dn't let him ride on th' train. No show fer appeal in that case. It was fer cause, an' yet, as ye know, Matt Willard, Pop Gilroy's brakeman, did th' same thing last May, an' Pop squared it an' had him back workin' in less than a week. But Hargrave was Billy's touchstone, an' Hargrave wouldn't look at him. I reemptery orders from Caton. Last I heard of Billy he was plantin' shrubbery in a cemetery.

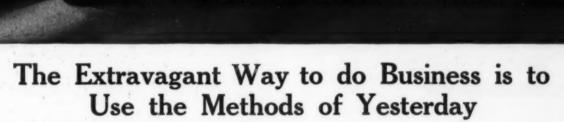
heard of Billy he was plantin' shruddery in a cemetery.

"As I remarked in beginnin', fellers, it does warm th' soul t' git yer superior screwed down by his superior, but when th' minit comes that ye land in his distinguished presince wid a frayed ricord an' wid nothin' t' expect from him but th' jolt thet it's only human nature fer him t' throw into ye, th' sensation is differ'nt from anythin' in th' book o' rules or on th' time card."



"S'pose he had told ye: 'B'yes, ye have me sympathies. Yer cause is just. . . . it's beyond me jurisdiction. Th' bunch above, that consumes th' champagne, has syndicated th' plat, an' intind t' develop it wid yerselves'."





FROM a business standpoint the motor truck is probably the greatest economic factor ever introduced.

It has proved its economy, its productiveness and its downright efficiency over the horse in every possible respect.

Yet, in spite of this, some business men still prefer to be backward by continuing to use, and lose money, on the out-of-date methods of yesterday.

What does it cost you to do business with horses?

Ten to one you cannot answer!

But-

In answer to, whatever your answer might be, how can you reply to the following:

The Peninsular Wet Wash Company of Portland, Oregon, replaced three teams, (6 horses) with one Willys Utility Truck. And in addition to greatly reducing their hauling investment they cut delivery operating expenses \$250 a month or \$3000 a year. Bear in mind that one Willys Utility Truck alone effected this enormous saving.

Now what about your horses?

And this is but one of scores of similar cases!

Yet economy is not the greatest asset of this truck. Increased business is what makes for increased profits, and there is where the real value of this truck comes in.

With one of these trucks you do infinitely more work than you can do with three or four teams. You can cover more territory, get at more customers, develop more business—in short make more money.

Understand this is not a theoretical statement. Willys Utility Trucks are accomplishing this for hundreds of others. They can do precisely the same for you. Their adoption will increase your business and decrease the cost of getting and handling it.

We have the facts and figures in connection with your business to prove this. We will be glad to present them at any time you appoint.

Write us direct for literature, special body book, complete details and data. All gratis, address Dept. 153.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Three-Quarter Ton Capacity-\$1350

Price includes chassis and driver's seat. Body as shown \$150 extra. Prices f. o. b. factory

The Widow's Mite



"John, I've told you again and again to try those Lee Puncture-Proof Pneumatics. New you're punctured again and we'll miss our encodement."

If a good friend advised you often enough to try

> TEE PUNCTURE-Pneumatic TITES

you'd try them and save yourself time, bother and money.

Yet your friend would only recommend the

tires—he would not guarantee them.

We do guarantee them. Every Lee PunctureProof Pneumatic Tire is sold with absolute

No Punctures—or Money Back ee Puncture-Proof Pneumatics must give this e

service.

The guarantee, the unique construction that makes it possible, the experience of users, all are told in our Pamphlet "D" free on request. Write for it today.

LEE TIRE AND RUBBER CO. CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Lee Tires, Lee Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires, "Zig-Zag" Non-Skids, and Lee Velvet Tubes are sold every leading city. Leek up "Lee Tires" in your 'phose book.



-defy punctures. Here is "the tire that put the sure in pleasure.

Note the construction. Not a troublesome outer cover to be attached—not an inner case to cause fric-tion and heating. Not a leather-and-mass-of-hardware construction; but a pneumatic tire of the exclusive Lee process "Vanadium" Rubber— now used in all Lee Tire products.

3200 steel discs imbedded within the tread, in overlapping layers, with fabric between to prevent friction and heating. No nail can enter — no expensive replacement of inner tubes.



Boys-Vacation-

Vacation days are here.

How often have they become really tiresome, long before school reopened, and how often have you wished for something definite to do.

Time and again you have interfered with your mother's housework, and she too has often scolded you.

All this because you had nothing to occupy your mind, or to which you could devote your energies.

Let us tell you how to enjoy this vacation more than ever because under our plan you can make it profitable as well as pleasant.

We are anxious to get in touch with a real live boy in each community, and tell him about our "REWARDS OF MERIT" which we are giving in addition to the profit you make.

Tear off the coupon and mail it today.

46 Even a child in kunicu by his doings

P. F. Collies

416 West 13th St New York City

"It takes mines to work capital, too, don't it?" asked the widow sarcastically. "Well," she snapped, picking up her knitting again, "I don't ask your opinion about mining or ranching, an' maybe I can get somebody to straighten out my business for me. If the worst comes to the worst, I can take washin'. Maybe I can reckon on gettin' your shirts to do up. Much obliged to you, Mr. Nyswanger."

The proprietor of the Bon Ton Clothing Emporium rose from his seat. "Now

The proprietor of the Bon Ton Clothing Emporium rose from his seat. "Now don't you get mad at me because I can't give you advice right off, Mrs. Backus," he said, with a deprecating gesture. "I'm going to study on it and you don't know but what I may hit on some scheme that will help you out. You give me time to think it over for you. We'll see what we can do. Did I bring my hat in or did I leave it in the hall? Now don't you mind coming to the door with me. Good night."

In another minute he was outside taking deep breaths of the cool air and expelling them in an ecstasy of relief.

HE had reached his store where, in a H E had reached his store where, in a back room, he had his bachelor quarters, and was feeling for his key, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps on the board sidewalk and a female voice of a peculiarly penetrating character which he recognized.

"But it was all in the Redwater bank," said the voice. Mr. Nyswanger buried himself deeper in the shadow of the doorway and listened intently.

said the voice. Mr. Nyswanger buried himself deeper in the shadow of the doorway and listened intently.

"Don't you fool yourself," came to him in deep manly tones. "She had it all in the Redwater bank, but she got a tip from Reynolds an' took it out just afore the smash an' salted her down in the Lead National. I got that straight."

"Then why for the Lord's sake—!"

"Search me," said the other, "I've quit trying to find out whys where you womenfolks is concerned. Some scheme."

"But she told me—" began the woman: and then as the light of the lantern they carried flashed on the bent figure in the doorway: "Why, Mr. Nyswanger!"

"Evenin', Mrs. Bixby. Evenin', Spencer." said Nyswanger, rattling his key in the keyhole. "I'm having trouble with this lock. Been to the social!"

Just then the stubborn lock yielded and the wayfarers passed on. Mr. Nyswanger entered the store, made his way to his room and sat down to reflect with a grin on his face and a finger on the side of his nose.

"So that's the game, is it?" he solijoquized. "Well, I reckon it ain't afto-

side of his nose.

"So that's the game, is it?" he solilo-quized. "Well, I reckon it ain't alto-gether too late to copper the bet." He considered further and then: "Still, it's best to make sure in matters like these here." So saying, he carried his lamp to his desk in the store and wrote a letter addressed to Lead City and, an hour later, delivered it to the mail car-rier who drove through the camp in his buckboard.

MRS. BACKUS, en négligé, the sleeves of her figured calico wrapper rolled above the dimples in her elbows, was sweeping the floor of her front porch. Intent upon her work, she did not notice the approach of Mr. Nyswanger until a delicate cough apprised her of his presence. He was smiling in his accustomed confident manner. Mrs. Backus did not smile. "Fine morning." remarked Mr. Nyswanger with a graceful flourish of his hat.

"I can see that for myself," said the widow ungraciously.

Mr. Nyswanger appeared a trifle dis-

widow ungraciously.

Mr. Nyswanger appeared a trifle disconfited. "I guess you're busy this morning." he said, "but—"

The lady did not give him time to complete his sentence, "You're a good guesser," she said. "If you'll stand to one side, you won't get none o' these sweepin's on your clo'es," she added, pausing as she brushed the litter to the edge of the steps.

"Excuse me," said Nyswanger removing himself. "I didn't know I was in the way."

ing himself. "I didn't know I was in the way."

"Some never does," commented Mrs. Backus. "Don't step on that there flower bed." With a vigorous whisk of the broom, she gave the sweepings to the morning air, and lightly dusted off the lower steps, after which she turned to reenter the house, but stopped as Mr. Nyswanger began to follow her. "Well?" she said, not very encouragingly.

"You act like you was mad at me." said Nyswanger reproachfully.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the widow. "I've got my work to do."
"You're mad at me," persisted the proprietor of the Bon Ton. "Here I've been a-figuring and a-studying on some way to help you out ever since I left here last night. I told you last night I was a-goin' to figger some way out. Well, ain't I here?"

"I RECKON you are," said Mrs. Backus.
"It looks suthin like you anyway."
"I tell you there's some as wouldn't be," said Nyswanger. "There's some turns their backs on their friends when they get into trouble. I ain't that way with my friends, least of all with you. I ain't got but one wish and that's to see you satisfied and happy."

"You didn't talk that way last night," said Mrs. Backus with a slight relenting in her tone.

said Mrs. Backus with a signal in her tone.
"I was struck all of a heap," pleaded Nyswanger. "Maybe I didn't say all I wanted to say, but I've had time to think since then. Now you show me them receiver's statements you was talkin'

Mrs. Backus hesitated and blushed ghtly. "I guess I won't trouble you," slightly.

slightly. "I guess I won't trouble you," she said.
"Don't say trouble," begged Nyswanger ascending two steps. "Nothin' I could do for you would be any trouble. You'd ought to know that." His hesitation seemed now gone and his manner was ardent. "There ain't nothin' I've got but what's yours," continued Nyswanger. "All you need to do is to say what you want."

want."

"Quit now," commanded the widow.
"Here's Mrs. Bixby comin'."
"Dern Mrs. Bixby!" muttered Mr. Nyswanger. "See here—"
"She's comin' up this way," warned Mrs. Backus.

NYSWANGER went down two steps N YSWANGER went down two steps as a stout, elderly woman clambered with difficulty along the shade of the pathway. "When I spoke about Gifford," he said hurriedly, "I reckoned that you and him— It didn't make no difference in my feelin's. I says to myself this morning, 'I'll help her anyway,' I says. 'All I want is to see her happy. If I can do that, I says to myself—Jim Bristow says it's good sound wood, and he'll let you have it for two dollars a cord, hauled. It's better'n pitch pine—not so hard on stoves. Morning, Mrs. Bixby. You don't want no green cordwood, do you?" "Not me," replied the stout woman

hard on stoves. Morning, Mrs. Bixby. ron don't want no green cordwood, do you?"
"Not me," replied the stout woman breathlessly. "My! but it's a climb up here, Martha! Phew! No, I've got all the wood I want. Oh me, oh my! I'm about tuckered out!"
"Come right in an' set down," said Mrs. Buckus hospitably. She smiled at Nyswanger. "If you're passin' this evenin' about eight o'clock, maybe you'll look in, Mr. Nyswanger," she said. "I'll think what I'd better do about it."
"What I've said about the wood is all so," said Mr. Nyswanger artfully. "It's wood you can depend on."
"I ain't got no doubt about that wood now," said the widow kindly. "It was real kind o' you to tell me about it."
"Don't name it," said the polite proprietor of the Bon Ton. "You're more'n welcome. I'll be up this evenin' sure. So long, ladies."
"What's that crazy loon talkin' about?"

prietor of the Bon Ton. "You're more'n welcome. I'll be up this evenin' sure. So long, ladies."
"What's that crazy loon talkin' about?" inquired Mrs. Bixby when she had settled her ample person as comfortably as might be in a corner of the horse-hair sofu.

MRS. BACKUS tittered.

"You needn't tell me," said the elder woman. "I know well enough. Martha Backus, you just answer me one question. 'Have you took him?"

"Why, Mrs. Bixby!" exclaimed the widow in accents of surprise.

"Yes, Mrs. Bixby!" mimicked that lady. "It's good United States, ain't it? Yes or no!"

"No," answered Mrs. Backus.

"Thank Providence for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Bixby piously. "But then ycu're a-goin' to think it over an' let him know this evenin'. Well, you let him know that—you ain't no such fool as to take him. All he wants is your money."

"He knows I've lost my money," pro-

"He knows I've lost my money, pro-tested Mrs. Backus.

"Yes, he knows you have and he thinks you haven't. You needn't look at me. Listen! Last night Spencer Damon was

takin' me home from the social an' he told me you'd drawed out of Redwater an' banked at Lead afore the smash came, an' we was a-passin' Nye's and Nye heard it. Now whether that's so or no, I don't know. I only know what you told me, an' that ain't what Nye believes now."

you told me, an' that ain't what Nye believes now."

To Mrs. Bixby's mortification, the widow showed no sign of surprise, but smiled and nodded to herself several times. "I suspicioned that story'd got out some way since last night," she commented. "Well, we'll see. If you ain't got nothing on hand to-night, you might come over at about eight, too."

GIFFORD was usually an early riser, but on the morning after his ill-starred visit to Coo-Stick, he forsook his blankets a good hour before dawn, and by the dim light of a smoky kerosene lamp he appeared to occupy himself with some sort of literary composition.

After breakfast he handed the production to his assistant with instructions to

After breakfast he handed the production to his assistant with instructions to deliver it personally to Mrs. Backus. "Take care you don't lose it, Mert," he said. "It's mighty important."

"What is it?" asked Mert weighing the package in his hand. "A book o' po'try an' a lock o' your hair?"

"It's suthin to make blamed fools ask questions," said his employer severely.

"What do you want her to ask you?" asked Mert. "Excuse me," he added with hasty politeness. "It ain't none o' my derned business o' course. Any message—your love or anything? Well, all right. You don't need to get wrathy."

Gifford stood and watched him splash through the ford, and then with a sigh, went about some of his usual morning chores. But at last he went to the stable and saddled the gray.

He found Larry MacFadden seated on an inverted pail in the doorway of the Fashion Livery barn, cleaning a set of harness. The little man's greeting showed nothing but pleasure and he held out a hand slimy with castile soap and grimy with paste dressing, and chuckled when Gifford unsuspectingly held out a hand slimy with castile soap and grimy with paste dressing, and chuckled when Gifford unsuspectingly grasped it. "Wipe it off on your whisk-ers," he suggested. "You certainly ought to make some use o' that underbrush, Seth. It ain't no ornament. Go put up your horse and then come and set down and enjoy yourself. Excuse me rising."

GIFFORD led his horse into a stall, Girrord led his horse into a standard legirths, brought a chair from the office and seated himself beside Mac-Fadden in the doorway.

"I saw Mert around a while ago," said the liveryman. "What's brought you in?"

in?"

"Had a little business," replied Gifford. "What's new?"

He asked the question perfunctorily. He was looking across the street at Mrs. Backus's home. "Who's up at the house now?" he asked with a real interest.

MacFadden shaded his eyes with his hand. "There is somebody there, sure enough," he said with an air of surprise

ise. "It's Nye," said Gifford. "It does look like Nye," said Mac-

"And he's talking to her," grouned the

ranchman.
"I wouldn't wonder," said MacFadden.
"I guess they've got it fixed up between
'em. Nye as good as told me so a while
ago. He's heard about her losing her
money, too." He cast a sidelong look at
his friend whose eyes were still fixed
on the porch, and shrugged his shoulders.

"H E'S square, anyway," said Gifford presently, with an effort.
"He's what you might call a lulu bird," said MacFadden.
"He's acting square now," Gifford maintained.
"Sure," agreed MacFadden. "Hello! There's mother Bixby buttin' in. Ain't she the worst old hen? Here comes Nye back now." back now

In a minute or two, the proprietor of the Bon Ton approached them on his way to the store. His face wore a com-placent smile, and he waved his hand to the ranchman with marked cordiality, and winked half derisively at MacFad-den. "You're in late Soth and with the control of the control of

You're in late, Seth, old sport," he

said to the ranchman.
"Is he in too late?" asked MacFadden

meaningly.
"I guess he is," said Mr. Nyswanger with unblushing hardihood. "Yes, he's just a little too late. So long, gentlemen." With another wave of his hand,

he passed on.

Gifford had turned a trifle pale and his big fists were clenched.

"I'm going to hike out back to the ranch," he announced shortly. And accordingly and with no waste of time he hiked.

WHEN Larry MacFadden returned from dinner, his assistant, Hank, was "cleaning" himself in anticipation of his noonday relief. "Lady in here lookin' for you, Larry," said the helper from behind the roller towel. "Real disappointed because you wasn't around." "There's no use tryin' to keep 'em away," sighed MacFadden. "If you'd only turn the hose on 'em, I might have some peace. Who was it this time?" "Mrs. Backus," replied the stableman. "She wouldn't wait." "Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated MacFadden with fervor. "She left word for you to come up to the house this evenin' at a little after eight. It's suthin particular and you're not to disappoint her on no account." MacFadden whistled. "She seemed sorter flustered. She got Kit and Bess an' the top buggy. D'yer leave anythin' for me to eat up at the hote!" "Did she say where she was a-goin' with the rig?" asked MacFadden.

"Did she say where she was a-goin' with the rig?" asked MacFadden.

"S URE," grinned Hank. "I ast her an' she told me. She said she was goin' out a ways an' back agin to see how far it was." Whereupon the factotum departed.

"This evenin' at eight," mused MacFadden. "Well, the plot certainly's a-thickenin'," with which he picked up a currycomb and went to work on the tollet of a wicked-eyed roan mare, with an absence of mind that a moment later nearly cost him a fractured skull.





World's Record in Economy by Saxon Cars

34.53 miles average per gallon of gasoline. Less than half a cent a mile for fuel. Less than one-fourth cent per mile per passenger. Best record 47.08 miles per gallon.

These are a few records of Saxon cars in 200-mile nation-wide non-stop runs, made on the same day in more than 100

This contest was not a "stunt" affair on a single gallon of high grade gasoline, but an impressive, common-sense test. In one day at each city a Saxon car made 200 miles in non-stop running. The motor had to run whether the car was making mileage or not—during all stops. making mileage or not—during all stops, no matter for what cause. All records were vouched for by newspaper men who acted as official observers.

200 Miles Without **Motor Stopping**

Think what these records mean—not only in economy but in reliability as well. Over 100 Saxons in more than 100 dif-

ferent places covered 200 miles each in non-stop running under official observa-tion—in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads, up all kinds of hills— setting a world's record in economy, averaging 34.53 miles per gallon of gas-oline, making perfect scores and show-ing speed as high as 45 miles per hour.

Most Economical of all to Run

In one day the Saxon proved to the whole nation that it is the most economical car to run—and that it can stand up and keep running under the severest

More evidence of Saxon reliability is being supplied by the "135-mile-a-day" Saxon. This Saxon, after travelling 135 miles a day for 30 days, equivalent to a year's average service, is now crossing the Lincoln Highway—from New York to San Francisco.

See the nearest Saxon dealer—name on request—and arrange for a Saxon ride.

SAXON Motor Company, Detroit

You get a whole new novel every month in

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

and get it first, get it before it goes into book form.

The Munsey with its complete novel and all other features costs you 15c.

The same novel when it goes into book form will cost you \$1.50.





The Howard Watch

HE predominance of the HOWARD Watch among yachting men illustrates interesting conditions in some American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachts man is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the waand who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American dis oses him to like the HOWARD Watch—with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making world.

The wonderful character of the HOWARD Watch is that it meets men of so many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in commerce, in the technical in-dustries, in the professions, inofficial life.

A Howard Watch is always worth at you pay for it.

The price of each watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Crescent Extra or Boss Extra gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at \$170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at \$350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U.S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. A, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS BOSTON, MASS.







Jerry Nyswanger's heart was particularly heavy as he climbed the trail that evening to the cottage of the widow Backus. The answer to his midnight letter had come by special messenger from Lead—three words, but words of woe: "No account here." Mr. Nyswanger was not so much troubled about the painful necessity of withdrawing from his suit. He was confident of his ability to do that neatly, even gracefully, but the only way to square the house of Aaronson & Lichenstein in Omaha was by an actual and immediate payment on account, and there were some notes to be met at the bank in Lead, to say nothing of divers and sundry smaller obligations. The widow's little nest egg would have squared up all these and put him comfortably on his feet and, in the absence of that nest egg, the chances of squirming through were slight.

As he ascended the porch steps, he fancied he heard Mrs. Backus's rather musical laugh. But when the door opened it was Larry MacFadden who stepped forward and grasped him by the hand, shaking it with effusive cordiality. "Come right in," cried MacFadden in loud and joyful tones. "We was beginning to think you wasn't coming. We're all set and waiting for you. This way, old son."

THE sitting room was brilliantly lighted as was the parlor beyond. In the big rocking-chair, imposing in green silk brocade and gold rope watch chain, sat Mrs. Bixby. her fat double-chin set in folds of rigid severity; and close beside her sat George Reynolds, gun-girt, gray-bearded, leathery-faced, lean and muscular, eying the newcomer with a grim, menacing smile. Opposite him was an elderly male stranger of mild and benevolent aspect whose necktie was a white bow, and on whose knees reposed a book with limp morocco covers. Somewhat in the background, Seth Gifford, in his ranch clothes, booted and spurred, occupied an uncomfortable straightbacked chair. His expression did not seem exactly reassuring to Mr. Nyswanger. Excepting Larry MacFadden, who still beamed upon him, with his back to the door, Mrs. Backus appeared to be the only one to manifest unqualified pleasure at his entrance.

It was by no means the Mrs. Backus who had swept the porch in a calico wrapper that morning. A different Mrs. Backus entirely: Brown silk, if you please, and creamy lace at the neck and sleeves of the enticingly trim bodice; a yellow rose from the bush in the front yard in her dark hair, and red roses on

yellow rose from the bush in the front yard in her dark hair, and red roses on the cheeks. Wonderful what a little fiving up will do for some women! But her cheeks. Wonderful what a little fixing up will do for some women! But Nyswanger was pale as he looked at her and the company. She rose and went to him with a win-

ning smile—an absolutely affectionate smile—and held out her hand. "I knew you would come," she said in honeyed ac-

you would come," she said in honeyed accents. "They were trying to plague me. Mrs. Bixby said you wouldn't."

Mr. Nyswanger shook her hand mechanically as his gaze wandered from one to another of the party and settled apprehensively on the mild looking man in the white necktic.

apprehensively on the mild looking man in the white necktie.

"I've been a-tellin' 'em how kind you've been to me, Nye," said the widow, "an'—" Her eyelashes fluttered downward for an instant— "You've met the Rev. Johnson, haven't you? Mr. Johnson, this is Mr. Nyswanger."

"Very glad to meet you, sir," said the Rev. Mr. Johnson advancing and extending his hand. "Very glad to meet you, indeed."

MR. NYSWANGER looked upon him with a lack-luster eye, and ignored the proffered palm.

"I thought, after what you said this mornin'—" began the widow.

Nyswange: cleared his throat. "Er—Mrs. Backus—ma'am," he said huskily, "I—er—I hope you haven't misunderstood nothin' I said to you this mornin'."

MacFadden edged up to him. "Now you aren't a-goin' to try to back out, are you?" he remonstrated below his breath. "What does he mean?" cried Mrs. Backus, looking about her helplessly. "What do you mean?" growled Reynolds, rising and pushing back his chair. Gifford also rose.

"We're a-waitin' for you, old son," suggested MacFadden.

All of Nyswanger's confidence seemed to have deserted him. He made a deprecating motion with his hend toward Reynolds and Gifford.

"Don't be hasty, gentlemen," he said.

"No occasion. All I came up for here this evening was to 'tend to a little matter o' business with Mrs. Backus here—about the money she lost in the Redwater bank. Nothing more than that—nothing whatever beyond pure business and friendliness." and friendline

H E paused, moistened his lips and resumed. "I—I—er may have a little way a-talkin' to ladies," he said, stammering. "It might be misunderstood. I don't say I ought to have it, an' I'm willin' to apologize if—er—I mean to say that I didn't come up here with no matrimonial intentions. That's the long and short of it," he concluded desperately.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Backus began to laugh. There was nothing hysterical in the quality of her laughter. It was entirely mirthful, hearty, and unaffected. She evidently enjoyed it. Reynolds joined her in a sort of dry cackle and Mrs. Bixhy's fat sides began to shake. MacFadden for-

sort of dry cackle and Mrs. Bixby's fat sides began to shake. MacFadden forgot the proprieties so far as to whoop and the clerical gentleman smiled broadly. Nyswanger turned and sought the door, but MacFadden interposed. "Don't go," called Gifford. "Evenin's young yet. We'll be lonesome if you hurry yourself off." Then he exploded in a roar of laughter. "This may be darned funny." Nyswanger to have a side of the sound of the sound

in a roar of laughter.
"This may be darned funny," Nyswanger began pulling himself together

swanger began pulling himself together a little.

MacFadden nudged him in the side. "Mrs. Backus wants to talk to you," he said, pointing to the widow, who was dabbing her eye with her handkerchief and trying to attract his attention.

"I guess I might as well tell you," said Mrs. Backus. "It's Mr. Gifford come up here with matrimonial intentions. No, he didn't either. I went after him and brought him—in a livery rig—same's I told him I would the night you and him was both here. I've got to own up to that, haven't I. Seth?"

"You didn't hafter," replied the ranchman, "an' I sure was easy to bring," he added.

man, " added.

man, "an' I sure was easy to bring," he added.

"You did send me a billy doo first," continued the widow. "I'll say that much for myself. There was a bank book in it showin' how much he'd got in the bank an' a check ready signed so I could fill it in for whatever I needed. I'm goin' to keep that check too, Seth."

"You're welcome," said the ranchman, reddening with embarrassment.

"And Mr. Nyswanger," said the lady dimpling maliciously, "as far's the business is concerned, you don't need to trouble yourself. That was a little joke o' mine. I took the money I had in the Redwater bank out a month before it failed and I told Reynolds that I was going to put it in the Lead bank, but I didn't. Iputitin—"Mrs. Backus hesitated and colored a little—"In a safe place."

m min the second with second w

ch la: in; be

ca ac ses wi mo pr

lal co Ri

ing the ing to Sh wh

MRS. BIXBY, MacFadden, Nyswanger, and Gifford gasped simultaneously, and the widow began to laugh again.

"Martha, if you ain't a case!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixby.

"What a woman won't do," said MacFadden. "Just to think of that now! Fooled us all!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Nyswanger, "if you'll kindly excuse me, I'll say good evening to you all. To tell you the honest truth, I feel a little sick."

This time MacFadden stood aside and let him pass out. No one spoke as the outer door closed. Perhaps there was a reaction of pity.

Presently MacFadden coughed behind his hand and Gifford passed his arm about the particularly trim waist of the widow and led her in this fashion before the minister. There was a general movement of grouping and a whisper or two. the minister. There was a general move-ment of grouping and a whisper or two. The minister opened the limp morocco-bound book and settled his glasses on his nose. "Dearly beloved," he began.

AN hour later the guests had departed. Seth and Mrs. Gifford sat very close together before the glowing baseburner, the well-fed cat curled at their feet. The festal blaze was softened to the cheerful light of the red crèpe-shaded lamp. There was no inharmonious note in the comfortable composition now. "This is somethin' like," ejaculated Seth with profound satisfaction and for the tenth time. "And just think how near I come to missin' it!"

His wife looked at him and a smile half fond, half humorous, dimpled her comely cheeks. "Seth," she said, pressing his arm, "you was never within a hundred miles of missing it."

The Passing of the Prairie

He will be safe if she doesn't

notice his dog

grounds, and as we galloped along together it was easy to imagine ourselves the hunters of our sunset song, chasing the Indian and the bison."

In this way the boys came to know all the open country to the north, which seemed to them very beautiful. On the uplands a short, light-green, hairlike grass grew, intermixed with various resinous weeds, while the lowlands produced luxuriant patches of blue-joint, wild oats, and other large grasses. Along the streams and in the "sloos" cat-tails waved above thick mats of wide-bladed marsh grass. Without realizing it, Lincoln came to know every weed, every curiwaved above thick mats of wide-bladed marsh grass. Without realizing it, Lincoln came to know every weed, every curious flower, every living thing big enough to be seen from the back of a horse.

"Nothing could be more generous, more joyous, than these natural meadows in June. The flash and ripple and glimmer of the tall wide-bodied grass, the myriad volces of ecstatic beholinks, the chirm

of the tail wide-bodied grass, the myriad voices of ecstatic bobolinks, the chirp and whistle of red-winged blackbirds swaying on the reeds or in the willows, the meadow larks piping from grassy

from grassy bogs, and the swift snipe and bogs, and the swift snipe and wailing plover adding their voices as they rose and fell on the flowery green slopes of the uplands. It was a big land the uplands. It was a big land and a big, big sky to us, children of the coulée, and possessed besides a hint of the still

wilder country to the west.

"The gray her-mit, the badger, made his home in deep dens on the long ridges, and on sunny April days the mother fox lay out with her young on south ward sloping swells. The

ward sloping
swells. The
swift prairie wolves slunk with backwardglancing eyes from copse to copse, and
many a mad race we gave them. Deer
were occasionally seen, and to me it
seemed that just over the next ridge
toward the sunset the shaggy brown
bulls still fed in thousands, and in my
heart was a longing to ride away into
that marvelous world. All the boys I
knew talked of 'the West,' never of the
East; always of the plains, of mountains,
of cattle raising, of mining and Indians;
never of cities. And none of us had any
desire to go East. 'We'll have our rifles
ready, boys, ha, ha, ha-ha?' was still
our favorite chorus, and Kansas and
Colorado our far-off wonderland.

"My Uncle David had brought with
him his long, heavy, old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, but had little use for
it. I tried it, but found it too heavy.
I carried the family shotgun, however,
with all the confidence of a man, and
was able to kill a few ducks and prairie
chickens in season. I hunted gophers regularly during the days when the sprouting corn was in most danger, and Owen
became quite expert with the snare.

"To the north and west the soil was
wet and difficult of cultivation, and

became quite expert with the snare.

"To the north and west the soil was wet and difficult of cultivation, and remained unplowed for several years. Scattered over these clay lands were small groves or clumps of popple trees, called 'towheads' by the settlers. They were commonly only two or three hundred feet in diameter, though in some cases they grew along a ridge many acres in extent. Against these islands seas of hazel brush rolled, interspersed with lagoons of blue-joint grass, that most beautiful and stately product of prairie soil.

prairie soil.

"Over these uplands, through these lakes of hazel brush, and around these coverts of popple, Hester and I and Burton careered, chasing rabbits, hunting the cows, killing rattlesnakes, racing the half-wild colts, and pursuing the prowling wolves. It was an alluring life for a boy, and my sister seemed to enjoy it quite as much as we did. She could ride almost as well as Burton, who was my high admiration, and all of us were natural horse tamers.

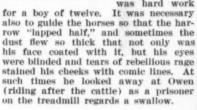
"We all rode in army fashion—that is to say, we held our reins in one hand (the left) and guided our steeds by the pressure of the rein or the knee rather than by pulling at the bit. Our ponies were not allowed to trot, but were taught a peculiar gait which we called the 'lope,' which was a canter in front and a trot behind (a very good gait for long distances), and were drilled to keep this pace steadily and to fall at the word into a swift walk without the usual intervening jolt. Nearly every boy could ride, but Burton was our constant companion—and was a light and graceful figure on his big black horse." "We all rode in army fashion-that is

DURING his twelfth year Lincoln had not much leisure. In haying he drove the horserake. In harvest he carried bundles or rode the lead horse. In the autumn he plowed or handled bundles on the stack, or held sacks for the threshers during threshing season. And last of all, when the earth was frozen too hard for the plow, he husked "the down row" behind the farm wagon, till at

wagon, till at last came November and

November and school.

Duncan was a good farmer even on rented land, but now even on rented land, but now that he was on his own acres he took the greatest pains in pulverizing and seeding his land. He kept Lincoln at it till the boy was fairly disheartened. The roots of the hazel brush were forever clogging up the teeth, and it was necessary to lift the frame of the harrow to clear them, and this was hard work was hard work



THIS thoroughness of method brought disaster to Duncan. "One day during the third spring," writes Lincoln, "and just after the wheat had begun to spring from the soil, a powerful wind arose from the west and blew upon us with such fury that the air became filled with dust from the field, darkening the sky and turning noon into twilight. It was the most appalling natural catastrophe we had ever experienced, and made us long for the sheltered valleys of Wisconsin. All day it raged, sifting the house full of grit, blinding our eyes, destroying the sprouting grain, and carrying away thousands of tons of the richest loam from the top of our farm.

ing away thousands of tons of the richest loam from the top of our farm.

"Father was in despair. It seemed to him, as to us, that the entire earth was taking flight—and the ironical part of the whole matter lay in the fact that this loss was due entirely to the extra care which we had used in pulverizing the ground. 'If only I had not rolled that land,' he groaned in my hearing. His impotent fury and bitter despair made an indelible impression on my mind—nearly one hundred acres of the grain had to be reseeded."

OST authors, in writing of life on M OST authors, in writing of life on the farm, leave out such an experience as this. They leave out the mud and the dust and the heat and the bad smells. These were honorable phases of manly warfare. But I bitterly hated the filth and the grime and the mud of the barnyard and the stable.

Corn planting, which followed wheat seeding, was a very pleasant job that year, for the seed was dropped by hand, and "changing works" with the neighbors brought Cyrus and Eva Benson to



They Look Good, Feel Good and Fit Good

Do not buy socks simply because strength is guaranteed, for socks that are sold on the basis of wearability only are invariably hard and uncomfortable. Every pair of Bachelors Friend Socks is guaranteed as to wear, but our appeal to you is based on Quality—the high grade of the yarns from which these socks are made—their careful knit and special reinforcing.



are dressy looking, feel soft to the skin; they are cool, fit snugly and are extremely comfortable. They cost no more than ordinary guaranteed hose, but the difference in quality is very noticeable.

Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.



Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at \$1 perbox, according to quality. Every pair guaranteed 30 days.

SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed gouzesocks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

Jos. Black & Sons Co. York, Pa.





A right sugar for every purpose can now be had in our sealed packages. Ask your grocer for:— Domino Confectioners For candies, icing, etc. For corolle and fruits
Domino Fowdered
For corolle and fruits
Domino Granulated
For pies, cakes, preserves, etc.
Domino Syrup(pure cane)







A. M. HENSHAW, Su





Boys!

Be sure to read our advertise-ment on page 28. It will interest you, and besides we are anxious to tell you about our plans for a real job this vacation.

P. F. COLLIER & SON

OU signers of checks, writers of letter Y keepers of books and makers of records —here is a new ink. Carter's Inx are well known for their brilliancy, smooth-Carter's Inx are ness and permanency.



is especially famous because it is equally adapted to fountain and regular steel pens. Pencraft Ink writes and dries jet black. It will not gum or corrode, to best stationers have it in various sizes at from \$1.00 (quart) to 15c per bottle.

After all, no ink like Carter's.

The Carter's Ink Company

Boston, Mass. New York Chicago ut Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesices, Type writer Ribbons and Carbon Papers in America.



Don't Throw Away Your Old Tires

We Ship On Approval withouts prepay express and let you be the judge. Durable Treads double the life of you repay express and le Durable Treads dou ires and are sold un atse for 5,000 miles

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

CHICAGO DONNO

help for a day or two. Hester and Eva and Lincoln worked side by side at this task, while Cyrus and Duncan and Charles followed with hoes to cover the kernels, and little Owen painfully planted pumpkin seeds.

"Most of the duties of farm life required the lapse of years to seem beautiful in my eyes, but there was another season which had charm and significance—even at that time—and that was haying. In Iowa summer is at its most exuberant stage of vitality as the last days of June come on, and even the faculties of our toiling elders, dulled and deadened with never-ending drudgery, caught something of the superabundant glow and throb of Nature's life.

"The cornfield, dark green and sweet smelling, is beginning to ripple with multitudinous stir and sheen and swirl. Waves of dusk and green and yellow circle across the growing grain and long leaves upthrust, at intervals, like spears. The trees are in heavy leaf, insect life is at its height, and the air is filled with buzzing, dancing forms and with the sheen of innumerable gauzy wings.

"The wind is laden with eestatic voices. The bobolinks sail and tinkle

sheen of innumerable gauzy wings.

"The wind is laden with ecstatic volces. The bobolinks sall and tinkle in the sensuous air, now sinking, now rising, their exquisite notes filling the air with falling strings of silver bells. The kingbird, ever alert and aggressive, cries out sharply as he launches from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect, and the plover makes the prairie sad with his wailing call. Vast purple and white clouds move like bellying sails of purple ships before the lazy wind, dark with rain, which they drop momentarily like trailing garments upon the earth, and so pass in stately measure with a roll of thunder.

"The grasshoppers move in clouds with

the earth, and so pass in stately measure with a roll of thunder.

"The grasshoppers move in clouds with snap and buzz, and out of the luxuriant stagnant marshes comes the ever-thickening chorus of the toads, while above them the kildees and snipe shuttle to and fro in sounding flight, and the blackbirds on the cat-tails and willows sway and sing, uttering with lifted throats their liquid gurgle, drunk with delight of the sun and their own music. And over all and through all moves the slow, soft west wind, laden with the breath of the far-off lands of the sunset, hushing and filling the world with slumberous haze. At such times it seemed to me that we had reached the golden region of our song."

THIS boyhood on the plain had much THIS boyhood on the plain had much that was alluring, much that was splendid. In all essentials Lincoln's life was typical of the time and place. His parents, from the neighborhood point of view, were not poor. They were in truth quite as successful as most. "We all lived in the same restricted fashion." declares Lincoln, 'without grace, without color, in poor barren little houses of wood or stone, with very few books or magazines. There were no aliens among us—no Europeans. It was a democracy wherein my father was as good as any and my mother beloved by all who knew her. I don't believe there was a bathroom in the county; electric lights were unknown, and gas was something to read about—the telephone still a laboratory experiment.

Here Lincoln breaks out in rapture of the prairie. "Oh, ineffaceable sunsets! Oh, mighty sweep of flower-decked plain beneath a vast and glorious sky! Your light and song and motion are

sets! Oh, mighty sweep of flower-decked plain beneath a vast and glorious sky! Your light and song and motion are ever with me. I hear again the shrill, myriad-voiced choir of leaping insects whose wings flash fire amid the glorified reeds. The wind wanders by, lifting my torn hat rim. The locusts rise in clouds before my pony's feet. The lone quail pipes in the hazel thicket, and far in the dusk I hear the cowbell's steady clang. Even in our hours of toil, and through the sultry skies, the sacred light of beauty broke. Worn and grimed as we were, we still could fall adream before the marvel of joyous earth and glowing sky."

BUT alas! Each year the inexorable share gnawed at the edges of their bright world. Section by section, mile by mile, the ridges and meadows turned black. The cattle came meekly into pasture. The colts submitted reluctantly to the harness. Lanes of barbed wire replaced the winding roads. The pools dried up. The towheads disappeared, and rows of Lombardy poplar and clumps of cottonwood sprang up around the barns. And so at last the saddles gathered dust on their pegs in the barns, and Owen and Burton and Lincoln went

forth on horseback only on visits to the neighbors or on occasional trips to town to fetch the doctor or the mail. The land of the deer and the buffalo receded noiselessly, swiftly, and at last the song of the sunset regions was itself a memory.

FOR the first few years the crops on FOR the first few years the crops on Duncan's new farm were prodigious, and he, like all his neighbors, became a worshiper of wheat. Wheat harvest always came in the hottest and driest part of the summer, and was the hardest, most exciting work of the year. It demanded early rising for man woman. est, most exciting work of the year. It demanded early rising for man, woman, and child. It meant broiling over the hot fire for the cooks, and it meant incessant toll from dawn till sunset on the part of the harvesters. On many days the thermometer rose above ninety in the shade, but with immense fields of grain ripening at the same moment rest was impossible.

of grain ripening at the same moment rest was impossible.
Says Lincoln: "There was no task on the farm which surpassed the severity of binding grain on a station. It was a man's job, and every boy of us was ambitious to take his station. In 1874, when I was but fourteen years of age, I was promoted to be one of the five men to bind after the self-rake reaper, and I went to my place like a soldier to battle."

Apparently he gloried in his physical

and I went to my place like a soldier to battle."

Apparently he gloried in his physical powers, for when the following year his father purchased a Marsh harvester he ambitiously demanded place on this wonderful contrivance, which carried its workmen on a platform, thus enabling two men to cut and bind as many acres of grain in a day as five men were accustomed to harvest on the ground. "I can hear now the note of surprise and contempt in the voice of the hired man as he said: 'Is that boy going to bind with me?' and recall the satisfaction I felt when father said: 'You needn't worry about that boy."

"Our home, notwithstanding the enormous crops of wheat, grew in grace but slowly. Our dwelling remained practically unchanged, but the trees which we had planted shielded the farmstead from the blizzards of winter and gave some little shade in summer. Our garden brought us fruit and vegetables in season, and a constantly improving collection of farm machinery lightened somewhat the burden of the husbandman. But my mother's drudgery did not correspondingly lessen. I fear it increased, for with the widening of the

somewhat the burden of the husband-man. But my mother's drudgery did not correspondingly lessen. I fear it increased, for with the widening of the farm acres came the doubling of the number of men to be fed, and she con-tinued to do most of the housework tinued to do most of the housework herself—cooking, sewing, washing, and nursing the sick from time to time. Of course I did not realize, and I am sure my father did not realize, the burden, the endless grind, of her daily life. Hester helped, of course, and Owen and I churned and carried wood and water: but even with our aid her round of duties must have been as relentless as a treadmill. Even on Sunday, when the men were free for a part of the day, she was required to furnish forth three meals and to help all the rest of us dress for church. If I could only go back for one little hour and tell her how much we owed to her during those days! much we owed to her during those days

"W E were not so poor as all this would seem to imply, but father considered our home 'good enough.' Hester and I felt quite differently about it. We wanted a sitting room like the Gardner's, and nice chairs and a real carpet like the Knapp's. Our only carpet was of rags, which we had all helped to tear up and sew and dye, and we considered it only an excuse for floor covering. Our only pictures were chromos, 'Wide Awake' and 'Fast Asleep,' which came with subscriptions to some periodical—not one touch of beauty lighted our home.

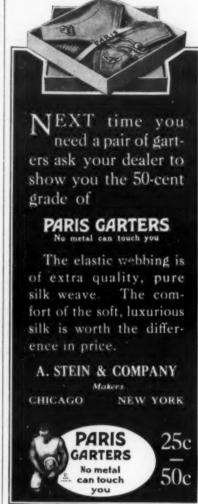
and 'Fast Asleep,' which came with subscriptions to some periodical—not one touch of beauty lighted our home.

"Hester developed early and considered herself a woman at fifteen. She was small and dark and very moody, and it was almost impossible to separate her from a book. We were a good deal alike, but Jennie was mother's consolation. She was an exquisite child, always singing to herself, always smiling, with none of the peculiarities which made Hester and myself 'trials.' Though small and delicate, she was self-reliant and self-entertaining.

"Her chief peculiarity was a complete

and self-entertaining.

"Her chief peculiarity was a complete indifference to dolls. She cared nothing for games which imitated the work of a mother or a housekeeper, but she spent many hours in lonely, contented play with sticks which she treated as horses. Each stick was named and had its Each stick was named and had its proper stall, and her endless repetition



A Week or Two in the Rockies this Summer

Will give you new life for the rest of the year. In Colorado nature will take you in hand, put new corpuscles in your veins, stimulate your imagination, clear the cobwebs from your thoughts, drive the languor from your system and steep you in the magic ozone of the mountain

forests.

Let me tell you how little the cost will be, what to see and do when you get there and all about the "Rocky Mountain imited," the finest train between Chi-ago and Colorado. Other fast trains, inest, modern all-steel equipment. We maintain Travel Bureaus in all im-

portant cities. Our representatives are travel experts, who will help you plan a wonderful and an economical vacation, give you full information about hotels, camps, ranches, boarding places, and look

after every detail of your trip.
Write today to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Room 722 LaSalle Station, Chicago.

Low fares June 1 to September 30.

DO YOU WANT INFORMATION Regarding ALASKA

"THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY"?

If so, write to Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. This service is entirely without charge, but requests for information must be received prior to July 28th

"Mister, do you want a couple of strong fel-

Sketches from Awayback

lers to carry water to the elephants?

of the acts of leading them to water and feeding and currying them amused me then, but gives me a twinge of pain now. Dear, sweet little sister! I fear I neglected you in those days, turning away from your bright face and pleading smile to lose myself in some worse than useless book! I rejoice that I did sometimes put you on the back of a real horse and permitted you to chatter from the plow seat as I drove to and fro in the cornfield. "Owen was not strong and could not

the plow seat as I drove to and fro in the cornfield.

"Owen was not strong and could not hold his own with me in anything like the proportion of his age. He was flatchested and sallow, but had almost as much self-amusing skill as Jennie. He cared nothing about books, but as Hester became more and more interested in dances and dress he came more and more into my plans—at such times as I could not have the aid of Burton.

"During all this time my Uncle David continued to be my ideal. Dark, handsome, dreamy-eyed, with the strength of a bear and the heart of a poet, he seemed to me a veritable

me a veritable to me a vertable chieftain among men. Often at the close of an hour's playing of the violin he put his instrument way with an exaway with an ex-pression of self-depreciation and despair. I could not understand this at the time, but I felt it dis-tinctly and powertinctly and powerthe the return of the return o degree the

some degree the futility of his life and longed for something higher. Without doubt this was only an occasional mood, due to the dark Celtic strain which ran deep in his blood, but he was both singer and poet, and it irked him to be incapable of expression in either art.

"He continued to be the captain of a threshing machine, and as I was now old enough to cut bands for the feeder, I often worked side by side with him, feeling his strength and courage, as a sailor looks up to his commander on the bridge through the spray of the storm. He had the air of quiet command, the calm assurance of unbounded strength, which made him altogether admirable to me."

MEANWHILE Hester was growing into womanhood. At fifteen the girls of her circle had suitors, and at sixteen considered themselves full-grown women. When she entered the Cedar Valley Seminary, in the autumn of '74, Owen and Lincoln drew closer together. "We all missed her in the home, for she sang and played the organ, but I was glad to have her in touch with town life. I think I began at once to dream of some time going to the seminary myself, although my father considered a district-school education ample even for a Conschool education ample even for a Consional career.

school education ample even for a Congressional career.

"How primitive all our notions were! Up to my fifteenth winter I had never had an overcoat, and a single suit served for both summer and winter. In lieu of fur collars we wound long, gay-colored scarfs about our heads and necks—scarfs which our mothers, sisters, or sweethearts knitted for us; and our footwear continued to be tall cavalry boots with pointed toes, high heels, and wrinkled tops. Our collars were either home-grown linen or paper ones at fifteen cents per box, and some men went so far as to wear 'dickles'—that is to say, false fronts of pasteboard. No one in our neighborhood ever owned a real tailor-made suit, and, for the most part, our garments never fitted—they merely inclosed us.

"As for the girls—they made all their own clothing or assisted their mothers in doing so, and their best gowns were white muslin tied at the waist with ribbons. But as I write, recalling the glowing cheeks and shining eyes of Agnes and Hattie and Elizabeth, I feel

again the glow of admiration which they kindled in me as they came down the aisle at church or as they balanced and sashayed in 'Honest John.' To me they were exquisitely clothed and divinely moving.

were exquisitely clothed and divinely moving.

"I repeat, we were not poor. In a sense, we were rich. My father was farming over three hundred acres of land and owned a stableful of horses and cattle. And just why we continued to live in a little house and dress in rude fashion I cannot understand. Of this I am certain—our neighbors did the same. Neighbor Benson, with more land than we, lived in an old stone house of three rooms; and the Baileys, my Uncle David, and almost everyone we knew or visited, cooked and ate in the same room—at least in winter. True, interest was ten per cent and machinery was high, but I suspect the men held primitive notions as to the rights of women. It was a joke oft repeated that if a woman wanted a new churn or a sew-increase.

wanted a new churn or a sew-ing machine, times were 'hard'; but no man went without the latest reaper or mowing machine. These were necessities— sewing machines and patent wring-ers were luxuries.

and patent wringers were luxuries.
"The lack of
room in our house
is brought painfully to my mind
by the fact that
when my sister
Hester was taken
il' and returned Hester was taken il' and returned from school in the spring of '75 she was put to bed in my mother's room, for our attic chamber was unwarmed, like those of our neighbors, and the sick were dependent upon the kitchen stoves. Winter was indeed for the women and

Winter was indeed a time of endurance for the women and children—and many failed to endure. My sister was one of these.

"She grew rapidly worse all through the joyous days of April, and as we were necessarily out in the fields at work, and mother was busied with her household affairs, the lonely sufferer was glad to have her she law, with the bustle of the sufference o

affairs, the lonely sufferer was glad to have her bed moved into the living room, and there she lay, with the bustle of the family all about her, her bright eyes following our movements. She grew whiter and whiter until at last, one beautiful, tragic morning in May, my father called me in to say good-by to her. "She was very weak, but her mind was perfectly clear, and she kissed me farewell with some word about being a good boy, and then, blinded with tears and almost benumbed. I crept away to the barnyard and there hid like a wounded animal, appalled by the weight of despair and sorrow which this vision of my comrade sister had suddenly thrust upon me. All about me the young cattle called, the spring sun shone, and the fowls sang, but they could not mitigetemy grief, my dismay, my sense of loss. Hester was passing from the earth—that was the agonizing fact which appalled me."

Mingled with the tragic scenes which followed were happenings so startling as to be almost ludicrous. For the first time in their lives Owen and

Mingled with the tragic scenes which followed were happenings so startling as to be almost ludicrous. For the first time in their lives Owen and Lincoln wore ready-made suits and had new gloves and new black hats. Even in the midst of their bitter grief Lincoln acknowledges an absurd satisfaction in his newly acquired splendor. "The crowded room, the undertaker's stealthy movements, the delight which certain old women took in the solemn ceremonies—nothing escaped us. Perhaps we

contact with death, and it filled me with awe and with question.

"My mother was long in recovering from this loss, but at last Jennie's sweet face, which had in it the light of the sky and the color of a flower, won her back to smiles. The child's acceptance of the funeral as a mere incident of her busy little life in some way enabled us all to take up and carry forward the routine of our shadowed home."

The next installment, "Lincoln Enters Hostile Territory," will appear in an early issue

"Your Move" is the name of a book that tells why paint without

is not paint. When we say it is not paint, we mean that it will not do all the things that paint could and should do, and which you pay to have done. You pay anyway, Zinc or no Zinc.

Zinc makes the paint to which it is added look better, last longer and guard more safely.

Zinc in paint is not a new thing except to you. All the best paint manufacturers use it in all their best paint. If you get and read the booklet, "Your Move," you will know why.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.





Engineering

In One Year opens September 23rd. 110 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

Dentistry

INDIANA INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
DENTAL COLLEGE
5. W North St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Michigan College of Mines

A state institution offering engineering courses leading to the degree of Engineer of Mines. Located in the Lake Superior mining district. Mines and mills accessible for college work. For Year Book and Booklet of Views address or Secretary. HOUGHTON

Grand River Institute

strictly high grade school with Board. Recom and tim only \$500 per year. Large endowment makes this ble. Academic, Music. Shorthand, Art. Oratory, nal Training Courses. E. W. HARLIN, Principal. Millo, Austinburg.

Louisville College of Dentistry, Louisville, Ky. ntistry unequaled. Information gladly furnished. Wr. W. E. GRANT, M. D., D. D. S., Dean, 133 E. Broadway

Tri - State College of Engineering

100 L. St., Angola, Indiana.

Make you a Civil, Machanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. 4166 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate.

No entrance examination.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homosopathic Medicine. Send for catalogue C. New York Homosopathic Medicale College and Flower Hospittal.

ROYAL S. COFELAND, A.M., M.D., Dean.
New York, New York City, Avenue A, 48d and 64th Sis.

Detroit College of Law

Established 1891. Prepares for the Bar in all States. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to the degree of LL. B. Students may witness 20 courts in daily session. Law Library 19,000 Vols. Catalog mailed free. Self-supporting students should write for pamphled describing our efficient Bureau of Self-Help. Address MALCOLM McGREGOR, Se', 540 Produced Building, Derick, Mich.

Dana's Musical Institute

WARREN, OHIO

Forty-sixth-year-opens-Sept. 14th. Music taught in all its
branches. Lemons daily and private. Fine dormitories
for pupils. Pure water, beautiful city, and healthy.
Superior faculty. Fine recital hall, with an orchestal
concert and soloists every Wednesday night. Send for
64-page catalogue blue book and historical sketch to
WILLIAM H. DANA, R.A.M., President.

The New York State School of Agriculture at Morrisville, N. Y. New York State boys and girls; Houll Tuition for others. Hew equipment; big staff; 200-neve farm; good onvironments. For Catalog and Particulars Address Director F. G. HELYAR, Drawer W. Morrisville, N. Y.

> ROM time to time we will publish, in the advertising columns, articles showing how and why advertising is beneficial to everybody concerned — manufac-turer, jobber, retailer, and consumer. The first will appear in next week's issue.

BOYS I

A School Peddie for Boys

Meets the parents' requirement of modern equipment, high scholastic and moral standards and a rational, healthy life. It secures the enthusiastic co-operation of the boy because of its body of 250 picked students, its fine equipment for athletics, high standing in all outdoor sports, strong literary and musical clubs and general policy of keeping its students busy in worth-while ways.

Peddie Institute has a strong faculty of sixteen college-trained men. Liberal endowment permits of moderate rates, since financial gain is no object. Modern and sanitary school buildings. Athletic field. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Campus of sixty acres. Equipment includes library, observatory, laboratories, etc.

atory, laboratories, etc.

Certificates from Peddie Institute are honored by all colleges accepting certificates. Former Peddie students are notably foremost in scholarship and all student activities in the colleges they attend. Peddie is in its 49th year. It is located midway between New York and Philadelphia, nine miles from Princeton. The Lower School is conducted for boys of eleven to fourteen years. Separate dormitories, personal care and individual training are provided.

Catalog and special booklets sent on request.

R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Headmaster Box 6 M. Hightstown, N. J.



rsburg Academy

Mercersburg, Pa. Aim of the School—A thor-ough physical, mental and moral training for college or

shorat training for courge or business.

Spiris of Scheel — A manly tone of self-reliance, under Christian masters from the great universities. Personal attention given to each boy. Leeation—In the country, on the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful prica.

plete. Magnificent new ogue and The Spirit of Gymnasium. Write for catalogue and "The Spirit of Mercersburg." Address Box 113. WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL. D., Headmaster,



Healthfully located in beautiful Garden City, Lon Island, 18 miles from New York. Buildings completel equipped. Gymnasium, swimming pool, fine athleti

A Lower School for Younger Boys WALTER R. MARSH. Headmaster, Box 50 Garden City, L. 1.

KISKIMINETAS SPRINGS SCHOOL for BOYS Each boy studied and his work adapted to his needs. Character developed along positive lines. Known and igdorsed by every American University. Broad business courses for boys not going to college. Two beautiful new dormitories and 138 acres of land have just been added to equipment. Opens 57th, year, under same management, September 28, 194. Write for catalog.

iti. Write for catalog.

KISKIMINETAS SPRINGS SCHOOL

artment 4

Saltsburg.

Notre Dame "World Famed"

The University includes the Colleges of Classics, Letters, History, Economics, Journalism, Archiecture, Law, Biology, Chemistry, Pharmacy, and Engineering (Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Mining, and Chemical). Board and Tuition, \$400.00 a year. Preparatory School for boys over thirteen, \$400.00 Primary School for boys under thirteen, \$230.00 For Catalogue address (specifying department):

DEPARTMENT C.



Notre Dame, Indiana
College School
"The School for Manly Boys."
Oblef Justice Winslow.

RANDOLPH - MACON ACADEMY For Boys

BELMONT SCHOOL FOR



Mary Baldwin Seminary For Young Ladi

CHECCE CONSINO

Bealby

attempting something and perpetually thwarted. . . .

thwarted....

The Lord Chancellor did not sleep a wink. The first feeble infiltration of day found him sitting up in bed, wearily wrathful.... And now surely some one was going along the passage outside!

A great desire to hurt somebody very much seized upon the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps he might hurt that dismal farceus upon the landing! No doubt it was Douglas sneaking back to his own room after the night's efforts.

The Lord Chancellor slipped on his

farceus upon the landing: No doubt it was Douglas sneaking back to his own room after the night's efforts.

The Lord Chancellor slipped on his dressing gown of purple silk. Very softly indeed did he open his bedroom door and very warily peep out. He heard the soft pad of feet upon the staircase.

He crept across the broad passage to the beautiful old balustrading. Down below he saw Mergleson—Mergleson again!—in a shameful dishabille—going like a snake, like a slinking cat, like an assassin, into the door of the study. Rage filled the great man's soul. Gathering up the skirts of his dressing gown, he started in a swift yet noiseless pursuit.

He followed Mergleson through the little parlor and into the dining room, and then he saw it all! There was a panel open, and Mergleson very cautiously going in. Of course! They had got at him through the priest hole. They had been playing on his nerves. All night they had been doing it—no doubt in relays. The whole house was in this conspiracy. With his eyebrows spread like the wings of a fighting cock the Lord Chancellor in five vast noiseless strides crossed the intervening space and gripped the butler by his collarless shirt as he was disappearing. It was like a hawk striking a sparrow. Mergleson felt himself clutched, glanced over his shoulder and, seeing that fierce, famillar face again close to his own, pitiless, vindictive, lost all sense of human dignity and yelled like a lost soul. . . .

SIR PETER LAXTON was awakened of the dressing-room door that connected his room with his wife's.

of the dressing-room door that connected his room with his wife's.

He sat up astonished and stared at her white face, its pallor exaggerated by the cold light of dawn.

"Peter," she said, "I'm sure there's something more going on."

"Something more going on?"

"Something—shouting, and swearing."

"You don't mean—?"

She nodded. "The Lord Chancellor," she said, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"He's at it again. Downstairs in the dining room."

Sir Peter seemed disposed at first to receive this quite passively. Then he flashed into extravagant wrath. "I'm damned," he cried, jumping violently out of bed, "if I'm going to stand this! Not if he was a hundred Lord Chancellors! He's turning the place into a bally lunatic asylum. Once—one might excuse. But to start in again. . . . What's that?"

They both stood still listening. Faintly yet quite distinctly came the agonized cry of some imperfectly educated person

They both stood still listening. Faintly yet quite distinctly came the agonized cry of some imperfectly educated person—"'Elp!"
"Here! Where's my trousers?" cried Sir Peter. "He's murdering Mergleson. There isn't a moment to lose."

om page 12)
Until Sir Peter returned, Lady Laxton sat quite still, just as he had left her on his bed, aghast. She could not even pray.
The sun had still to rise; the room was full of that cold, weak, inky light light without warmth, knowledge without faith, existence without courage, that creeps in before the day. 'She waited. . . . In such a mood women have waited for massacre. . . .

r massacre. . . . Downstairs a raucous shouting. . . .

SHE thought of her happy childhood upon the Yorkshire wolds before the idea of week-end parties had entered her mind. The heather. The little birds. Kind things. A tear ran down her

cheeks. . . . Then Sir Peter stood before her again, ruffled. She put her hands to her heart. She would be brave.

"Yes," she said. "Tell me."

"He's as mad as a hatter," said Sir

She nodded for more. She knew that. "Has he—killed anyone?" she whis-

"He looked uncommonly like trying."

"He looked uncommonly has said Sir Peter.

She nodded, her lips tightly compressed. "Says Douglas will either have to leave the house or he does."

"But—Douglas!"

"I know, but he won't hear a word."

"But why Douglas?"

"I tell you he's as mad as a hatter. Got persecution mania. People tapping and bells ringing under his pillow all night—that sort of idea. . . And furious. I tell you—he frightened me. He was auful. He's given Mergleson a black eye. Hit him, you know. With his fist. ous. I tell you—he frightened me. He was aur/ul. He's given Mergleson a black eye. Hit him, you know. With his fist. Caught him in the passage to the priest hole—how they got there I don't know—and went for him like a madman."

"But what has Douglas done?"

"I know. I asked him, but he won't listen. He's just off his head. . . Says Douglas has got the whole household trying to work a ghost on him. I tell you—he's off his nut." Husband and wife looked at each other. . . . "Of course if Douglas didn't mind just going off to oblige me," said Sir Peter at last. . . . "It might calm him," he explained. . . . "You see, it's all so infernally awkward. . . ."

"Is he back in his room?"

"It might calm him," he explained... "You see, it's all so infernally awkward..."

"Is he back in his room?"

"Yes. Waiting for me to decide about Douglas. Walking up and down."

For a little while their minds remained prostrate and inactive.

"I'd been so looking forward to the lunch," she said with a joyless smile.

"The county—" She could not go on.

"You know," said Sir Peter, "one thing, I'll see to it myself. I won't have him have a single drop of liquor more. If we have to search his room."

"What I shall say to him at breakfast," she said, "I don't know."

Sir Peter reflects. "There's no earthly reason why you should be brought into it at all. Your line is to know nothing about it. Show him you know nothing about it. Ask him—ask him if he's had a good night..."

(To be continued next week)

و دررود هاي الله

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Volume 53

June 27, 1914

Number 15

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

o entere anning o

Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1914 by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyright in Great Britain and the British Possessions, including Canada. LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street. PRICE: United States, Canada, Guba, and Mexico,

5 cents a copy.\$2.50 a year. Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$3.80 a year

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber

🙎 MILITARY 🕰



The Culver Pace

Ruilding a spar bridge, Z7-foot span, in 3 minutes 38 seconds takes speed, but the rapid co-ordination of mind and body is the thing that counts. Culver minds are a little quicker than others; Culver physiques, sounder, better developed; Culver life, more compelling; Culver spirit, more irresistible. It has the stuff to put your som mentally and physically on his feet for life. Address

The Dean's Office

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

Culver, Indiana
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)

NORTHWESTERN



MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADE: Lake Geneva, Wis., and Highland Park, Illia A select school with a high standard

Bordentown Military Institute Thorough on, careful supervation of schoolse, initiary duscrime that devi-and 29 years of experience in training boys. For catalogue H. LANDON, A. M., D. D., Principal. Col. T. D. LANDON, C.

Wentworth Military Academy Reaches boys the inary day school does not interest. Courses pre-leading Colleges, Universities, National Acade Business. Government supervision. In "Class Athletics. For Catalog, address The Secretary. Missouri, Lexington, 1824 Washington Avenue.

CO-EDUCATION

Unusual Opportunity for Young Men and Women to Equip Themselves to Teach — Public School Special Subjects

year course in Music, Drawing, Do tic Science, Physical Training, Manuel dexclusively to the training of teacher ee. For 24 years we have been placing; eatle Beienos, Formaties de la financia del financia de la financia de la financia del financia de la financia del financia de la financia de la financia del financia de la financia del financia del financia de la financia del financia del financia del financia del financia del financia del

Peirce trains young men and young women to fill responsible positions in commercial and secretarial work. A broad general education in business administration, banking, commercial law, etc., is offered. Peirce School graduates rise quickly in the commercial world and earn a lasting success. Training is thorough and students develop rapidly. 50th Year Book sent on request. Address

The Registrar, Record Building, Philadelphia DEFIANCE COLLEGE Defiance, 0. High grade Co-educational. A select atudent body; strong faculty. New buildings there

nts. \$165 for board, room rent P. W. McREYNOLDS, Prest Genuine Folding **USE THIS**

10 DAYS FREE Postcard Size 3 Kable. Use it 10 days FE



EASY TERMS \$2 as first pay SPECIAL Film Offe

Camera our bell special offer of ro of films that will take 6 picture Return roll after used and we will DEVELO AND PRINT THE PICTURES FREE Write now—this is



TYPEWRITERS

tores in leading cities. Write for catalog of standard makes an Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Binder for Collier's

\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York



What few great histories, biographies, dramas, novels, works of science and travel, are so good that they would never lose their interest-would have in themselves all the elements that make a satisfying, well-worded mental diet?

A group of sixty-seven great authorities, under the guidance of Dr. Eliot, have answered that question.

Their answer is printed in a free booklet; ask for your copy; it tells the story of

THE FAMOUS FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Before you add another volume to your library you should have this free booklet. You should know the story of how all the books in the world were tested to find these 418 that are permanently worth while.

"A Man Would Die in the First Alcove"— 418 masterpieces at a few cents apiece

"There are 850,000 volumes in the Imperial Library at Paris," said Emerson. "If a man were to read industriously from dawn to dark for sixty years, he would die in the first alcove."

And he would not die a well-read man.

But if a man could know what few great books are enduringly worth while and could read those few-he would become well read, even though he could devote to them but a few pleasure moments a day.

Be Guided by Any man who cares to read efficiently, instead of waste-This FREE fully, should know what Booklet these few books are. He should know why 100,000 successful men are finding in the Five-Foot Shelf just the mental stimulus they need. Everything you need to know about the famous Five Foot Shelf of Books is in a free booklet. There is a copy for you—no obligation; merely clip the coupon



COCCIO O COCCIO

It fits you to a tee—vigorous and wholesome—quenches work-and-play-thirsts

Delicious—Refreshing

Demand the genuine by full name— Nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA CO.

Atlanta, Ga.



